THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have received a contribution of ten dollars from "G" to the Harold Frederic Fund, which we have forwarded to the secretary in London.

It is interesting to note that several of the books that have been appearing among "The Best Selling Books" during recent months have been produced by new writers. There may be others, but we notice here six books which were published last autumn, all of which have reached a sale of ten thousand, and some of them are far beyond it. In each case the book is the first work of a new writer:

David Harum, by Edward N. Westcott.

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnston.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War, by F. P. Dunne.

Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton.

When Knighthood Was in Flower, by Edward Caskoden.

Bob, Son of Battle, by Alfred Ollivant.

The author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* has written a new novel entitled *A Double Thread,* which will be published immediately. It deals partly with London society life, and partly with the upper middle-class provincial life. We note that she is said to have forsaken Nonconformity for the Church of England in her treatment of religious matters in this novel. Miss Fowler is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, late Secretary of State for India.

Here is a true Ruskin story that has never been published: A certain person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the Customs, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England, the Customs would release them. Accordingly, a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic verve as follows:

> SIR: I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me.
>
> Yours, etc.,
>
> JOHN RUSKIN.

The books came back to America, but in spite of very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph.

A correspondent, who was present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Heinemann, writes from Palermo, where the bride and bridegroom are spending part of their honeymoon. He says that the author of *Via Lucis* is exceedingly charming and not at all in appearance or ideas a type of that fearful and wonderful being, the "lady novelist." Whistler, who was best man at the wedding, is also at Palermo. It appears that he has been most affable and has restrained himself from exercising his "gentle art of making enemies." "The poor old fellow," writes our correspondent, "is, indeed, far more pathetic than absurd—far more kindly at heart than bitter. In Paris, where we dined with him, he was wonderfully en-

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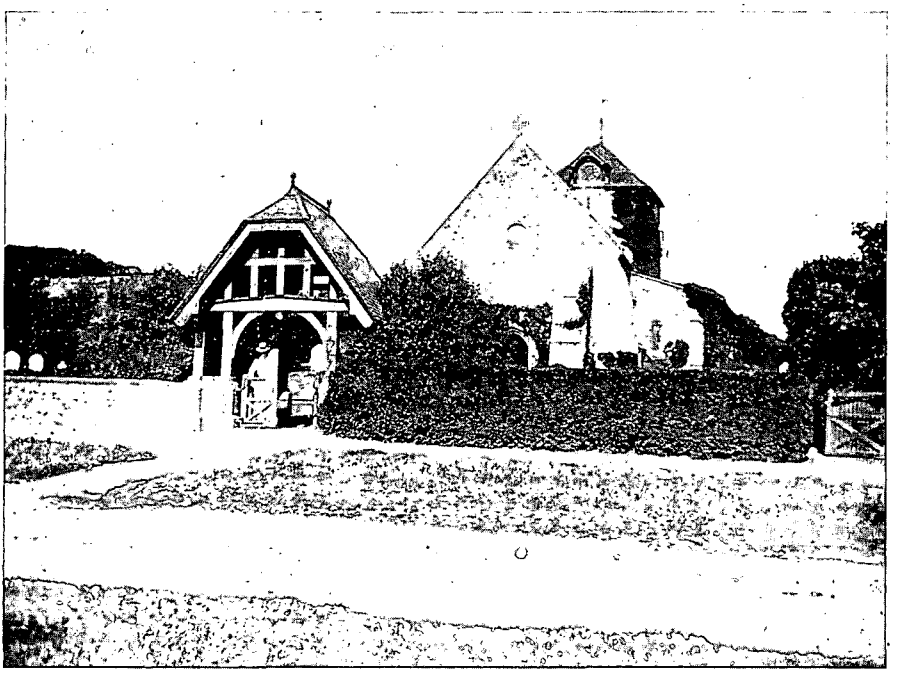

THE OLD CHURCH IN ROTTINGDEAN WHERE WILLIAM BLACK WAS BURIED.

Photographed by Clive Holland.

tertaining; in Rome, it is true, he saw 'nothing but yellow stucco,' and berated the American papers, of course, and the English heaviness, and rehearsed the Du Maurier episode, etc. But still he was to me one of the most interesting and witty of men, for all his foibles, that I have ever met."

"Zack," the author of that exceptionally powerful book, *Life is Life*, is now in Italy, and has written about half of a new novel, which will probably be published in the autumn by the Messrs. Blackwood in England, and the Messrs. Scribner in this country.

Beatrice Harraden's new novel, *The Fowler*, will have issued from the press before THE BOOKMAN is in the hands of its readers. A French translation of *Ships That Pass in the Night* has been published under the title *The Passing Shadows*. Miss Harraden expects to spend part of next winter in California.

The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell was referred to in our last number as being published in two volumes at $2.00. The American edition is in one volume, and the price is $2.50.

We are indebted to Mr. Clay Arthur Pierce for a copy of his book, *Kufu, a Song of Southern Seas, and Other Poems*, which was privately printed by the Gottschalk Press of St. Louis. As a piece of bookmaking nothing could be more beautiful, and a glance at its contents assures us that the poems are not without interest.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, whose new novel, *The Procession of Life*, has just been published in the Messrs. Appleton's Town and Country Library, is descended from an ancient English family and was educated for the Army. He was a member of a crack regiment for some time, but he sold his commission about sixteen years ago to take a ranch in California with his brothers and several other young Englishmen. He is a keen sportsman and has a distinguished record in the annals of big game. Some of these sporting experiences were pub-

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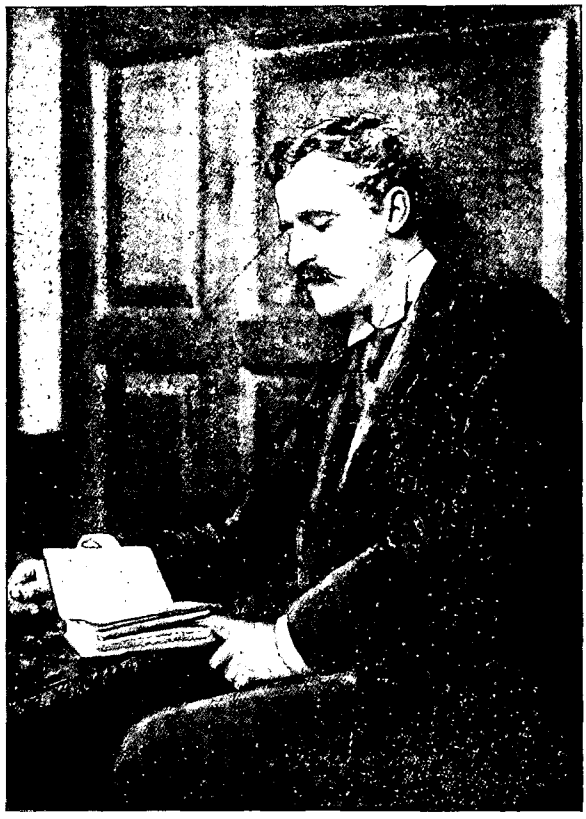
lished in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Vachell is about forty, and although he has always been a hard literary worker and a great reader he is a man with no literary affectations. His work from the first has shown that he is an author possessed of keen observation, shrewd common sense, a delightful sense of humour, and a fine talent for writing. He has been particularly happy in his choice of titles, some of them being *The Model of Christian Gay, The Romance of Judge Ketchum, The Quicksands of Pactolus* and *A Drama in Sunshine*. His work has always been well received, and each novel shows a decided advance in the development of his genuine gifts.

It has already been stated in these columns that Mr. Watts-Dunton's story of the gypsy girl, Rhona Boswell, as told in *The Coming of Love*, although published earlier than *Aylwin*, is really a sequel to this novel. In a prefatory note to the third edition of *The Coming of Love*, containing this and other poems published by Mr. John Lane, the author admits the fact. "A sequel it is," he says, "so far, at least, as an important character in *Aylwin* is concerned—Rhona Boswell—though between *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love* another story intervenes." This is the story which Mr. Watts-Dunton has been encouraged by the reception of *Aylwin* to prepare for publication also, and which we announced lately as in preparation. It is not unlikely that he will reject all overtures for serial use of the story and that it will first appear in book form, probably in the autumn.

This prefatory note, by the way, is of autobiographical interest and throws some light on Mr. Watts-Dunton's literary development. In "A Word about Rhona Boswell and Sinfi Lovell," the author has told how he began to write *Aylwin* in verse; how the many incidents and complications of the story growing under his hand made it imperative to turn to prose; how the two Aylwins, Percy and Henry, distinct in his own mind, from the first have been confounded with each other—Henry being the hero of *Aylwin*, and Percy the Aylwin of *The Coming of Love*. A very instructive analysis follows of the Anglo-Saxon type and the Romany in connection with "the mysterious witchery of sex," and there are some interesting references to George Borrow and his superb Isopel Berners. Another note on "The Humour of the Romany *Chi*" is reprinted on another page by the kind permission of the publisher.



WILLIAM WATSON.

From his latest photograph by Hollyer, London.

We give herewith a new portrait of Mr. William Watson, whose poems have just been collected and published in one volume by Mr. John Lane. A review of the work appears on another page.

Our correspondent, Mr. Clive Holland, has sent us some copyrighted photo-

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KIPLING'S ENGLISH HOME, "THE ELMS," ROTTINGDEAN.

Photographed by Clive Holland.

graphs of Mr. Kipling's country home at Rottingdean, England, two of which we have reproduced. The quaint little village of Rottingdean is almost within sight of Brighton, the great seaside resort, which is situated about four miles to the west of Kipling's retreat. It was at Rottingdean that the boy Kipling was wont to spend his holidays when attending Westward Ho! school, which figures in the "Stalky and Co." stories now appearing in *McClure's Magazine*. Pleasant memories may have induced the novelist to pitch upon this sequestered spot within sight of the channel highway as his home; but family reasons may have also influenced him, for one of his two famous artist uncles, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, made his home in Rottingdean for many years, and, indeed, lived in the village until his death, which occurred recently. The Kipling house is a brick structure surrounded by a high wall, and though not an imposing building it makes a very comfortable country home. It is known as "The Elms," and it is asserted that in summer time, when tourists flock over to the quaint little village shut in by rising ground on either side, the garden wall is a scene of lively attack by those anxious to catch a glimpse of the literary lion on his lawn or in his garden.

Near the head of the village is the Green, overlooked by "The Elms," and the ancient picturesque church in whose God's acre, only recently, the novelist, William Black, was quietly laid to rest. The windows of the vicarage look across the Green toward Kipling's house, and at this abode of peace and learning not a few celebrated men have received their primary education, among them Clive, Cardinal Manning, the Duke of Wellington, Warren Hastings and Bulwer Lytton. The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones's house stands to the left of the school, and Sir Wemyss Reid, some time editor of the London *Speaker*, also an uncle of Kipling's, lives near by. Unless rumour be false, other well-known literary men are contemplating Rottingdean as a retreat in the near future.

"The Elms" was built many years ago by one Thomas D'Oyley, sergeant-at-law, and Kipling's work room is the second-floor bow-windowed room on the left. From this the sea is plainly visible, and

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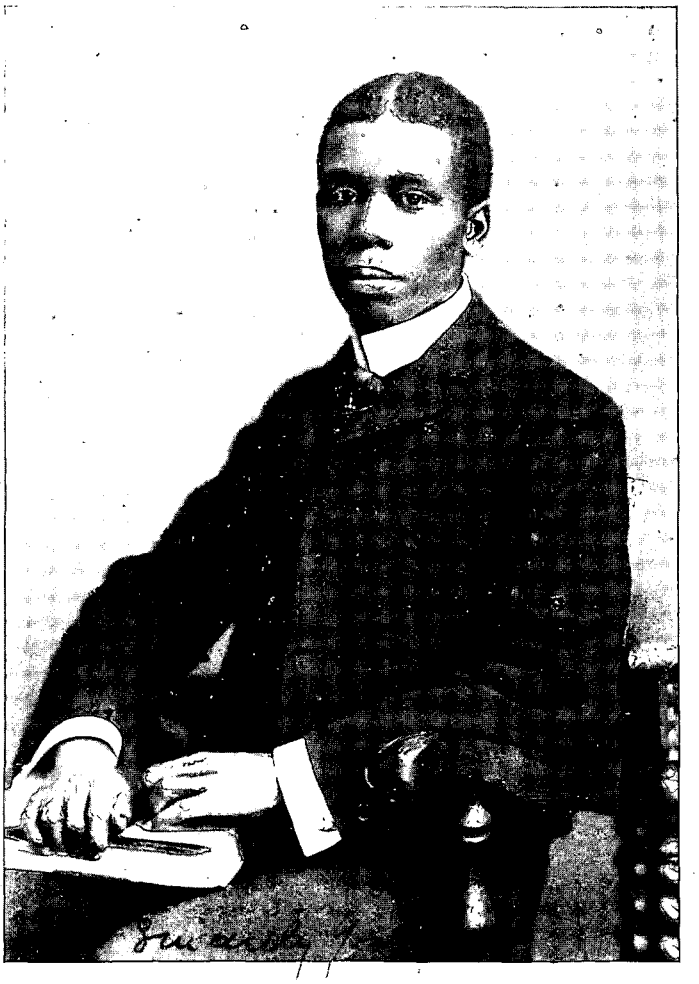
also on clear days the outgoing and incoming steamers. Almost exactly opposite "The Elms" on the far side of the Green stands the famous "Plough Inn," the landlord of which remembers his now world-famous neighbour as a little lad, and it is in the old-fashioned parlour of this hostelry that the author of the "Recessional" carries on with mine host, Bleyber, arguments that are apt to grow hot, owing to the diverse political creeds of the two disputants.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish a new story by Max Pemberton, called *The Garden of Swords* about the end of May.

One of the selections sung by Bispham at his last recital in New York in April was Paul Laurence Dunbar's "A Coon-Song," set to music by S. Coleridge Taylor. Mr. Walter Damrosch has also written music for Mr. Dunbar's "The Deserted Plantation," which was one of the numbers on the programme of his own compositions recently given at the Waldorf-Astoria.



Paul Laurence Dunbar

A new volume of poems by Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, similar to his *Lyrics of Lowly Life* published two years ago, has just been issued. The title is *Lyrics of the Hearth-side,* and the contents will fully maintain the reputation and warm interest which Mr. Dunbar has won from a wide circle of readers. That there may be no doubt of this fact we have only to mention that since *Lyrics of Lowly Life* was published, over eight thousand copies have been sold, and that there is a steady demand for the book. We give herewith a new portrait of Mr. Dunbar.

A correspondent in Madison, Wisconsin, writes with reference to the Dickens book-plate that appeared in our March number, that she has found a copy of the same book-plate in a book which is in the library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The book is Flügel's *German Dictionary* in two volumes. It is dated June, 1870, and was presented to Dickens by the author. It was purchased from Mr. D. G. Francis, of New York, in February, 1881.

It is announced that there remain in the hands of the heirs of the late George Brinley some copies of all the parts of the Brinley Catalogue, with the exception of the first, also some copies of the

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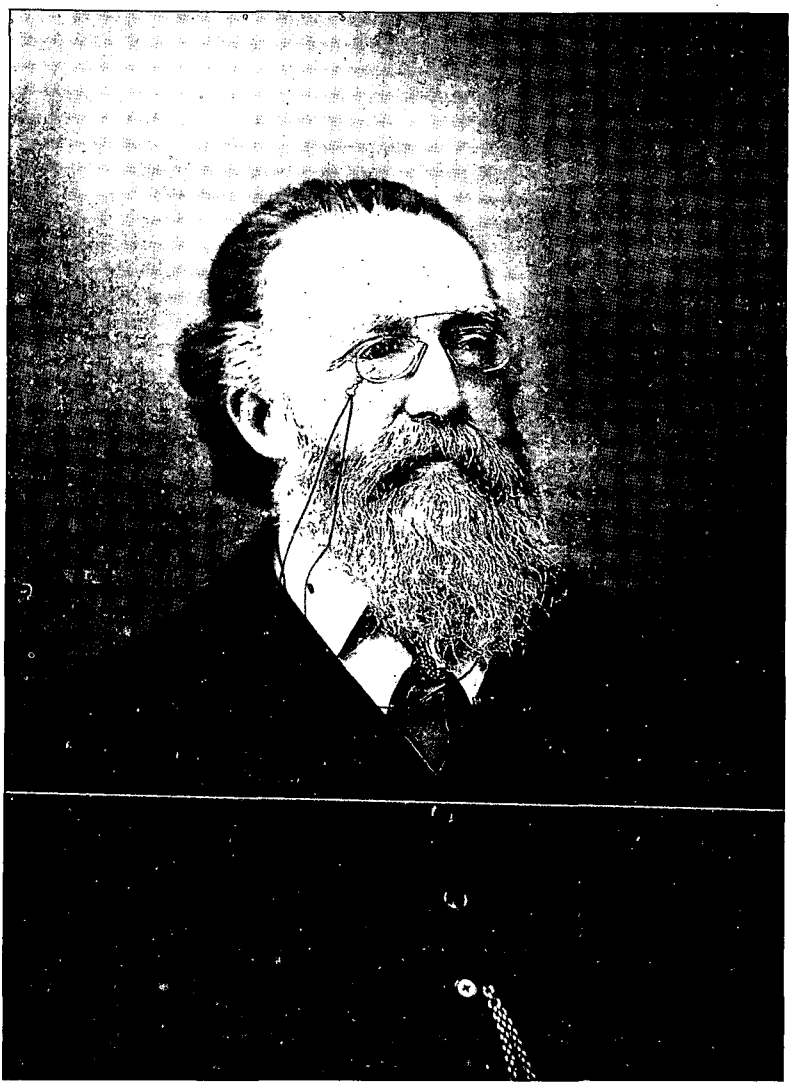

JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

From a photograph by Barraud, London.

index, and of the price-lists. So long as they last these will be sent gratuitously to any public library making application for them, specifying the parts required, and enclosing fifteen cents for each part (five cents for price-lists), to cover postage and mailing expenses. Applications to be addressed to W. I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers will publish Mr. Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences, which have been eagerly anticipated, early in May. The first volume of his *England in the Nineteenth Century* has just been issued by the Messrs. Putnam in their Story of the Nations Series.

A clipping from an Italian paper which a friend has sent us goes to show the princeliness of some present-day authors —a ludicrous princeliness in this case— and the passing of the proverbial literary pauper. We print herewith a free translation of the clipping:

A Neapolitan newspaper gives the following

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detailed list of the wardrobe of Gabriele D'Annunzio, which he took with him to Cairo recently.

Shirts	72
Drawers (with various laces and other embellishments)	48
Socks of all kinds	12 dozen
Ditto of quiet tinted silk	2 dozen
Hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets innumerable.	
Gloves for walking	48 pairs
Ditto for evening	24 pairs
Mufflers of beautiful silk	3
Walking sticks	12
Umbrellas of violet hue	8
Parasols, green	10
Handkerchiefs	20 dozen
Cravats, resplendent and varied	150
Waistcoats	10
Shoes for walking	14 pairs
Shoes for crocodile hunting	2 pairs
Slippers, "soft, silent and tremulous"	2 pairs

The author carried also a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger with a beautifully wrought handle, such as Salvator Rosa loved; a Venetian box of perfumes, a lap dog, "dainty and elegant," with a pointed nose.

It is interesting to note that Signor D'Annunzio took all his fourteen trunks with him in a first-class carriage! And people speak of authors as *poveri in canna!*

Miss Mary Johnston, whose *Prisoners of Hope* has been one of the popular novels of the last season, has written another romance of Virginia colonial life which will first appear as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The new story deals with an earlier period of Virginian history, and goes back to the time of John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas. It is said to be original in plot, and to be more engrossing as a story as well as more valuable as an historical picture than *Prisoners of Hope*. The first instalment will appear in the June *Atlantic*.

Mr. R. H. Russell will publish shortly an edition of Mr. Will Rothenstein's *English Portraits*, a series of drawings on stone, which has been very much remarked in England because of the excellent likeness of the portraits, most of which are composed of the most prominent men of the day. The portraits are accompanied in each case by a short, descriptive note. They will be printed on heavy, deckel-edged paper and bound in brown buckram, stamped in gold.

Mr. Russell is also publishing four unique designs by a clever young artist, Miss Pamela Colman Smith, illustrating some of the most picturesque characters in *Trelawny of the Wells*. The subjects comprise "Rose Trelawny," "Imogen," "Rose and Imogen" and "Imogen and Tom Wrench." Miss Smith has a wonderful eye for the blending of colour, her drawings are quaintly picturesque, and her style is marked by charming originality and lack of convention.

Most people will recall the striking crayon pictures of single military figures published last year in connection with the *Scribner Magazine* war articles. These coloured crayons, or pastels, were made by Mr. Howard C. Christy, and were printed by a special process of lithography. They were very popular, and soon ran out of print, and in consequence of an urgent demand for these figures the publishers have reprinted them, adding three more by Mr. Christy in the same style, making a set of six representative types of our Army and Navy. The edition is limited, and each set is enclosed in an attractive portfolio of military blue. The size is 21 x 14 inches, and the price is three dollars.

Readers of this magazine must have been amused by a curious typographical error in the advertisement of Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company which appeared in our last number. A most commendable little series called Beacon Biographies has been commenced by this firm under the editorship of Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe. In their advertisement of this series the publishers call it "Brief Memoirs of Eminent Americans." Considering that the writers who are contributing to this series, though eminently fitted for their peculiar task, have not yet become famous, the way in which the proofreader allowed the announcement to appear in THE BOOKMAN advertisement was inclined to provoke a smile—"Brief Memoirs *by* Eminent Americans."

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The latest novelty in reviewing flavours of the literary cook-shop. We give a few specimen recipes:

Concerning Isabel Carnaby, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler—

CARNABY CREAM.

Take a Methodist family, charming and wise,
That looks upon life with the kindliest eyes,
Add men of the world, clever women as well,
And Love, the great teacher who trained Isabel;
With original thoughts in apt phrases and fit,
Mix repartee, epigram, genuine wit;
Let humour and "gentlehood" flavour the whole,
Then daintily serve in a clear crystal bowl.

With Kitchener to Khartum, by Mr. George W. Steevens—

ENTRÉE KHARTUM À LA STEEVENS.

Have ready a Kitchener, first-rate and complete,
Take a great deal of sand and a little tinned meat,
New fellaheen grit and fine old British pluck,
Sufficient of foresight and a slice of good luck;
Stir up with a rail, and mix well with Nile water,
Season with blood and with Maxim guns' slaughter,
Frizzle it all in a tropical heat,
And serve the B. P. in a halfpenny sheet.

The Christian, by Hall Caine—

QUAYLE À LA CAINE.

Take a storm in a tea-cup and flavour with Manx,
With some bad upper ten and some clerical cranks;
Add the Derby, some Scripture, the first at St. Paul's,
And serve it up hot, with some spice from the Halls.

Benjamin Swift's new novel, *Siren City,* will be published in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. We have already spoken of its motive—the conflict between puritanism and paganism. Siren City is the name given by the novelist to Naples, where many of the incidents take place. Mr. Swift is at present engaged on a history of Italy in the Middle Ages, in which Macchiavelli and Savonarola will figure.

Mr. W. Irving Way has lately completed a course of lectures before the members and students of the Art Institute in Chicago on the Binding and Decoration of Books. The subjects selected were: "Bookbinding of the Past"; "Bookbinding of the Present"; "Decorative Illustration of Books"; "Commercial Bookbinding"; "Book-plates, and Publishers' and Printers' Marks"; and "Women and Bookbinding." The lectures were fully illustrated by stereopticon, the examples of distinctive styles being selected from historical sources, and the historical and technical data being full and authentic. We understand that Mr. Way is about to deliver these lectures in a larger way and will be glad to communicate with the proper officers of clubs and societies with a view to filling open dates.

Mr. Francis P. Dunne, the author of *Mr. Dooley,* wishes it to be understood that the article which Mr. Irving Way has contributed to this number of THE BOOKMAN has his approval. Indeed, it is the only authorised account that has yet been published in which the facts have been verified. Considerable annoyance has been caused Mr. Dunne by certain articles that have appeared lately in which he has been misrepresented, hence his reason for making this statement.

It would not surprise us if some wide-awake Hibernian impersonator were to present *Mr. Dooley* on the vaudeville stage before long. Mr. Dooley's oracular utterances are well adapted to the humorous monologue which is now so popular a feature in vaudeville. If it be true that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery Mr. Dooley is being highly honoured in various forms. We have seen the minutes of a literary club which were written *à la* Mr. Dooley, and we observe that the London *Outlook* reviews the English edition of *Mr. Dooley* in the Roscommon vernacular, under the title "Iligant Readin.'" We quote some of the paragraphs:

"Sir," says I to me able Editor, "sir," I says, "there's a book iv American-Irish humour and bells-letthry," says I, "entitled *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War,*" says I. "'Tis a wurrk, sir," says I, "which is havin' a tremenjus sale on th' American continent," I says, "an' which is likewise callin' foorth the war-rmest incoomims iv th' coloured and litthry press at home," says I. "Now if so be," says I, "as

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ye happen to want a re-view of that same," says I, "here sthands the boy that will do't f'r ye on ter-rms," says I. "But," says me able Editor, "ye're not a Selt," says he. "Divvle a bit," says I. "F'r all that," I says, "I've as much criticul fackilty—no more, mark ye—as much criticul fackilty as anny Selt that iver come out iv Seltery," I says. An' that's so. It is that. . . . An' he gimme the book, bedad—a squarish, stocky vollum sicklied o'er with a pale green imerald binedin', th' pallor no doubt bein' simbollic iv America, an' th' imerald, iv Ireland. Rethirin' in th' best iv ordher, I sthrode tryumfintly to me ilicthric ca-ab, yelt "Meeda Vale" to the la-ad on the box, set me fut aginst the front windy, lit me see-gar—ye cannot re-view nicely without a see-gar—and perceeded with thrimblin' hands and disthcreeminatin' eye to examine Misther Dooley's coriskeetin' pages.

It is interesting to note that the reviewers of *Mr. Dooley* in the English press agree with the American critics in placing him high among our genuine humourists. As a national satirist, the *Academy* declares that Mr. Dooley is worthy to take his place beside Hosea Bigelow.

George Congdon Gorham, whose life of Secretary Stanton has just appeared from the Riverside Press, is a resident of Washington, D. C., and a native of Greenport, New York. During boyhood he resided in New London, Connecticut. He went to California in early youth, and studied law in the office of Stephen J. Field, afterward a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He became an editorial writer, and was an active Union Republican during the Civil War, and an earnest supporter of the Congressional policy of Reconstruction afterward. He was the Republican nominee for governor in 1867. Visiting Washington the following winter, he was elected Secretary of the United States Senate in June, 1868, in recognition of the campaign made by him the previous year. He remained in that position eleven years, and until the change in the political complexion of the Senate in 1879. He edited the *National Republican,* a daily newspaper in Washington, from 1880 until 1884. Mr. Gorham's literary labours have been mainly in the line of discussing public questions, through the columns of public journals.

Mr. Gorham is, perhaps, a little more than sixty years of age. He has a gray beard and a heavy head of hair. His cheeks are rosy and his black eyes are so bright that they seem to glow through his spectacles. He has a rich, deep voice; is vivacious, emphatic and eloquent in conversation, and says brilliant things, sometimes with a great rush of words, sometimes with a short, keen epigram. He is passionately fond of an argument, and has great skill in managing one, either in conversation or on paper. If Stanton had been a complex character—a subtle mixture of virtues and failings—a more dispassionate biographer than Mr. Gorham might have done better work. But Mr. Stanton was right—right in almost everything—right as the cause to which he gave his whole existence after 1861. Therefore what was needed was a zealous champion—a man with imagination as well as with skill in description and in argument. Those who are fond of spirited, contentious, politico-military biography will read Mr. Gorham's work with zest. It is understood that Mr. Gorham contemplates writing a history of the Mexican War and the tendencies toward national expansion at that time.

Since we quoted the clever epigram written by the late Irving Brown apropos of a book-plate design, which appeared in a recent number of *In Lantern-Land,* we have run across the quatrain in several other periodicals, and in nearly every case it has been taken for granted that *In Lantern-Land* is an English journal. The fact that the *Academy* quoted this bit of verse in its pages has been, no doubt, responsible for the erroneous impression. *In Lantern-Land* is a literary monthly, now in its fifth number, which emanates from Hartford, Connecticut, and is edited by Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, the eminent book-plate authority. It is attractive in appearance to begin with, its excellent paper and typography presenting a most inviting aspect; and in form it is not unlike the defunct *Chap-Book.* But nothing could be further removed from the smart and swagger air of the unfortunate Western product; Mr. Allen's monthly is invested with the sanity and solid intelligence which are naturally associated in our minds with the quiet home of letters in Hartford. It is evidently the aim of

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the founders of this periodical to convey an eclectic review of passing events—the play, the new books, art and music, not forgetting Mr. Allen's pet hobby, the book-plate; and we observe especially an attempt to avoid the crowded mart for the shelter that ripens and the leisure that makes wise. Already we have begun to look for the monthly arrival of *In Lantern-Land* on our table. Its happy title is taken from Rabelais—the quotation appears on the cover:

"You who presume to move this way, get a good lantern lest you stray." "We took especial care of that," cried Pantagruel. "For there is not a better or more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-Land."

It is curious that not one of our literary journals has so much as mentioned the death, on the sixteenth of last March, of the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grosart; the omission proves again the oft-proven paradox that a literary journal concerns itself gladly with everything except literature. Dr. Grosart was a person of immense importance to scholars and to lovers of old English poetry. The reprints which he so devotedly edited are far and away, taken in the mass, the best we have; and many of them were in point of time, as in point of excellence, the first. All were enriched with exhaustive notes, and long introductory chapters which were masterpieces of research and happy interpretation. His discoveries, identifications and corrections in the field of the past were innumerable; no man alive had such intimate general knowledge of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan letters. Our large American libraries will help to have him well remembered, for most of these possess at least some of the Chertsen Worthies and the Hath Series, or Sidney, Spenser, Nash, Greene, Daniel, Herbert, Donne, Vaughan, in their great kingly Grosart quartos.

Dr. Grosart was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1832. He had lived, since 1864, in England and Ireland: in Blackburn, Lancashire, where he was pastor of Saint George's, and in Dublin, whither he moved for the sake of rich manuscript "finds" in Trinity College, and where, after a painful illness, he died. His early interest in antique authors was confined to those whose strenuous Puritanism attracted him; but by the year 1869 he had become an editor for editing's sake, and a follower of the beautiful. His industry was as phenomenal as the range of his information. He had but that one passion, to bring dead genius to life; as Opie said of Titian, "he was a fine old mouser." He had the mental faculty, he had the will and he had the income and the leisure for this gloriously exciting hunt; and he kept his heart light throughout his labours, never caring a straw for popular rewards. In fact, as all his volumes were privately printed, he did nothing to interest the man on the street; but every English scholar knew him, his uncouth gypsy style and his indomitable ways, and admired or feared his ever-active hand. Dr. Grosart sometimes recovered what he had spent on the production of his magnificent books, and sometimes he had the rarer satisfaction of exhuming a dozen long-deceased noble minor minstrels, and paying all the costs. His joy in the business was good to behold. He was full of Scottish fire and obstinacy, exceedingly generous, exceedingly vain, both of his preaching and his commonplace hymn-writing, but genuinely upright, unworldly and religious. Never was there such a sign-manual as his. His printers must have cursed him unintermittently for eight-and-thirty years, and the priceless pages his care has bequeathed to us are peppered, alas! with typographical errors. To get a letter from Dr. Grosart meant that you should sit up late every night for a week, calling on all the gods for illumination; and no hieroglyph in this planet could hold a candle to his Sunday-best signature. He was the chief literary antiquary of his generation; his very guesses were wiser than most men's facts; he was an odd stick, and a lovable friend; he did us all incalculable service, and had no end of fun of his own in doing it.

Another deep-sea book of exciting interest that has come under our notice is *The Wind-jammers,* by T. Jenkins Hains, and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Hains has written calling attention to a misapprehen-

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sion of the term "Wind-jammers" in several reviews of his book:

"The Wind-jammers" have been described, he says, as the sailors who sailed from one South American port to another around Cape Horn. This is just what the Wind-jammers *are not,* and as the word is one of the most common in use among sailors it might be interesting to give its derivation. It is quite old, and was applied solely to the deep-water trade —namely, the vessels and men who were engaged in the trade from one port—say in the States or England—in the North Atlantic to a port in a similar latitude in the Pacific. Getting *jammed* means, in sailor language, to make a head wind and, consequently, be forced to beat to windward with the yards "jammed" hard on the backstays, in order that the vessel could spring her luff sufficiently to make way on her course. Vessels in the low latitudes seldom encounter so much baffling weather, as by a careful study of the trades a skipper can nearly always make a fair wind of either the northeast or southeast. But vessels bound around the Cape (Horn) nearly always encounter heavy weather and head winds, sometimes getting jammed off this storm-beaten region for weeks. For this reason they were facetiously called "the Wind-jammers," and the name stuck to them, as it described their lot to perfection.

Mr. Neil Munro, in an appreciation of Rudyard Kipling, expresses his admiration for the portait of Terence Mulvaney. Mulvaney, he says, is the composite Kipling hero. Unlike the musketeer of Louis XIII., he moves in an atmosphere, not a vacuum tube; we know not only what he is, but why he is what he is; he is a living person, not a marionette. Mr. Munro calls Terence Mulvaney one of the most permanent and lovable characters in fiction, and in the portrait which Mr. Kipling has sought to limn with an artist's impartiality there have crept in, despite himself, personal predilections.

We have in that erratic representative of our red-coat rule in India the most familiar type of his creator's heroes. Mulvaney borrows some of the blackguardism of D'Artagnan; he is a little of the bully, of the drunkard, of the barrack-room Don Juan, with few claims upon our respect as sober Christians and decent citizens. Yet how numerous are his lovable attributes; his camaraderie shines on him like a cuirass, his response to his better man is frequent and convincing. Savagely surrounded, savagely descended, the bitter circumstances of his life conspiring always to show the worst of him, we must be prizing, as his painter does, the occasions when he defies his destiny and laboriously acts the man. What sins are we not half ready to condone in a hero so speckled when, in "With the Main Guard," having kept his heat-tortured comrades amused through the sleepless night with his story.

"'Oh, Terence,' I said, 'it's you that have the tongue.'

"He looked at me wearily. His eyes were sunk in his head, and his face was drawn and white. 'Ey, ey,' said he, 'I've blandandered thim through the night somehow, but can thim that hilps others hilp thimselves? Answer me that, sorr.'"

The original drawings of Mr. Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* are now on view in New York at the art rooms of Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company. No exhibition has equalled this one in interest since the Uncle Remus drawings by Mr. A. B. Frost were shown here a few years ago. The granddaughter of Audubon has written a delightfully appreciative letter, which forms an introduction to the catalogue. We reprint Miss Audubon's letter:

SALEM, N. Y., November 8, 1898.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON: Why wasn't I a "Wild Animal you have known" that you might have written a lovely story about me? for now, instead of being immortal, like Redruff and the rest of those delightful personages (who in some happy *non*-hunting ground are glad they lived and died to be written about by so sympathetic and exquisite a pen as yours), I must just keep on like other commonplace human beings. I should have written to you long (figuratively speaking) ago to tell you how we have *all* enjoyed the book, but for the fact that whenever a moment has occurred in which I might have done so, I have been reading it over again to myself, or bits of it aloud to one and another who have come in. As you wrote the book, I don't suppose you can really tell how beautiful it is, because it never came to you as a fresh and delicious whole, though doubtless you are as omnivorous a reader as I, and do therefore know what an *unusual* book it is. It makes me feel that to be as close to the animals in soul as you are (I am sure you know how I

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use these words) puts you on a higher plane than most of us can ever hope to reach, and we all thank you and Mrs. Thompson, whose part in the volume we appreciate, for giving us some very happy hours; please begin another right off. I should like to say which story I liked best, but "Raggylug," "Silverspot," and "Redruff" I think come first, though my heart goes out to the "Pacing Mustang." Don't think I am ignoring the illustrations or the dainty marginal work, for I am not; from title-page to finish they have all been admired, and I adore the Mustang and Redruff's calendar, which we have instantly adopted.

With renewed thanks for the pleasure your book has given and will give, and with cordial regards to you and Mrs. Thompson,

Believe me, sincerely yours,

MARIA R. AUDUBON.

A certain firm—Messrs. A. Mackel and Company—has published a book called *Young Mistley,* by Henry Seton Merriman, purporting to be a new work by this popular author. Despite the fact that the book is marked "copyright," it ought to be stated in all fairness to the public, as well as in justice to the author, that *Young Mistley* is one of three early, immature stories which were published many years ago in London by the Messrs. Bentley, and which Mr. Merriman subsequently endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to have withdrawn from the market. After the transference of the Bentley business to the Macmillan house, Mr. A. P. Watt, acting in Mr. Merriman's behalf, succeeded in purchasing the copyrights of these books and had them suppressed. The reprint of *Young Mistley* in this country is wholly unauthorised, and its appearance now with the pretensions of a new work when the author has disowned it and paid well to suppress its publication is a manifest injustice, to say the least.

Mr. A. P. Watt, "the Napoleon of print," as he has been called, arrived in New York on April 9 on a brief business visit, and intends to sail again for England on the 29th. Almost simultaneously with his arrival there appeared an article on "Literary Agents" in *Literature,* in which the unique position which Mr. Watt has held for long as the prince of literary agents is more clearly defined and recognised than we have yet seen it done outside of these pages. Now that the Society of Authors is so militant in the interests of writers, it may be well to state that long before the Society came into existence Mr. Watt originated (in 1872), and carried into effect, his systematic measures for negotiating the business of authors and publishers and established the commerce of letters on a sound basis. Through his instrumentality, indeed, far more has been accomplished in this direction than through the Society of Authors or by any other means. Just what Mr. Watt stands for in the business world of letters, and how indispensable he has made the literary agent, may be gathered from the concluding paragraph of the article already referred to:

Prejudices die slowly; but there are already indications that publishers and editors are discovering that the literary agent can be no less useful to them than to the author. He is willing to act for them when they wish to make serial arrangements for work of which they have acquired the copyright. His office is a *bureau* of information at which they can obtain early knowledge of books worth publishing which will be upon the market presently. It is a great clearing-house of manuscripts from which the wants of unforeseen emergencies can be supplied. It is a permanent address at which business can be done with an author at a time when he is fishing in Lapland, or shooting in the Rockies, or climbing the Himalayas, or bicycling round the world. And, finally, it is a guarantee to the solvent and capable publisher that incapable and insolvent rivals will find it difficult to take his business away from him by trading on the ignorance of authors. These, it will be allowed, are solid advantages, fully justifying that specialisation of function which, as we began by saying, the literary agent illustrates.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

EVEN more than usual the Irving Place Theatre surpasses the English playhouses during the month in the production of the highest dramatic art. Lessing and Schiller have been performed there by one of the finest living actors, supported by a company armed with the inestimable benefits of traditional training, while in English we have had nothing at most of the theatres except unimportant failures and equally unimportant successes, a record broken only by Mrs. Fiske, who gave one strong American play and repeated dramas from her artistic repertory. What difference can it make what are the faults or what the merits in *Americans at Home, The Cuckoo, The Purple Lady, Colinette, Rupert of Hentzau,* or even *John Ingerfield?* Those plays are near or under the line at which criticism has more or less justification. They are bubbles that pass and leave no trace, yet *The Cuckoo* will receive more comment from our newspapers than *Wallenstein, Nathan der Weise* and *Little Italy* combined. These things are not the art that lifts. Better far, in any serious view of life, to go to the Windsor Theatre on the Bowery and see that powerful actor Jacob Adler and the rest of the Yiddish company give the Jewish *Lear,* the Jewish *Nora,* the *Idiot,* or their literal translation of *Othello.* Far better go to *The Old Homestead* on one of its perennial returns or to anything in the whole repertory of Mrs. Fiske, or to the Irving Place Theatre, or even to see Shakespeare lacerated at the Herald Square. If New York dramatic criticism is to be anything but a stupid echo of the prevailing noise, its aim should be to pick out the beauties hidden in the theatres in all parts of this great city and do something to lift them into view, for if once clearly seen they will be not only endured but embraced. Attention seems to be the greatest factor in human choice. The machinery of our theatrical world now works so that an enormous mass of interest and curiosity can be concentrated on certain performances before they are given, so much, in fact, that they have to be incomparably stupid not to gain a moderate degree of success. This is one of the results which must be weighed by whoever wishes to decide whether the concentration which is so rapidly increasing in the management of American theatres is a good or an evil. With the power which it now has, the Syndicate can focus so much attention on any given production that it will succeed where the same grade of art offered by Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Coghlan, Madame Modjeska or Mr. Herne would hopelessly fail. There is no need to take sides in this controversy in order to point out a few undoubted facts, and one of the most unmistakable is that to reach an equal degree of success an outside production must be better than a Syndicate production, and this in itself is surely a powerful argument. This ability to focus public curiosity depends on a complex machinery, and Mr. Archer said in his lecture at Columbia that the most powerful influence of all was in the little paragraphs which find their way into the newspapers all over the country, commenting on the general success or on the details of a production. In no way is the strength of the Syndicate more visible than in its ability to obtain this kind of help as well as critical support from the press. The dramatic columns, like all the other parts of a newspaper, usually depend directly on the advertisements, and most theatrical advertising and theatrical news come from one source. Look at the result in New York City. The *Herald* can be relied on to furnish a quotation of the conventional and valued sort, such as "decided hit," to be quoted in the advertising notice of any idiot farce or melodrama that comes along under the

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proper auspices. All the theatres advertise in it, so that its columns are a complete directory for the amusement seeker, and it never baffles him by intricate distinctions. It is read by prosperous business men and social philistines, the most valuable element in society for the theatres. Therefore, it has more theatrical influence than any other paper in the city. Now, it is very easy to "reach" the *Herald.* It has plenty of "beats" given it by the managers in order to keep it good-natured, and its influence is conciliated in other ways which it is safer not to mention. It can be depended on not only to say the right thing about plays appearing in Syndicate houses, but to give sharp raps to certain actors outside the pale. When Mrs. Fiske was about to open here in *Magda,* the advance treatment which she received from the *Herald* was merely shameful. Readers of that sheet might not know that there was to be an opening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre even while their eyes were glutted with items about dramas trivial in comparison. Far less influential, but even more servile in the same direction, are the *Mail and Express* and the *Telegraph.*

But the business office is not the sole although it is the principal fountain of dramatic opinion. Other springs of intellectual judgment may be discovered in the *Sun,* and those who understand them will see why it adores *The Conquerors* and finds Mrs. Fiske's *Tess* immoral; why it takes care to write the mystic phrase "another Empire success" as often as it can, but never uses the expression "another Herne masterpiece"; why it devotes columns to exploiting mere indecency by detailed description and gives part of its valuable space to statements that Mrs. Fiske's *Magda* is a hopeleless and inevitable failure—paragraphs which are to be greedily copied in cities where that splendid performance is later to be seen.

Now, in judging a great organisation like this Syndicate (and any mind of depth must judge it whenever the run of plays at the various theatres is considered), it is as futile to be constantly hostile as it is to be weakly favourable. Therefore, an attitude like that of *Life,* which either attacks or very grudgingly praises the best performances given under syndicate auspices, and makes its theatrical columns an anti-Semitic crusade, is worse than useless. All that is sought in this long introduction, which is not the last that will appear here, is to show the relevance of a discussion of the business side of the theatre to the striking fact that looking to the record of the month, the only things one sees that are worth serious treatment have been given by Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Conried, and the Windsor Yiddish Theatre, while in the new productions of the Syndicate mediocrity reigns triumphant. At the opening night of *Nathan der Weise* one could hardly escape being struck by the difference between that occasion and the corresponding events on Broadway. There was literature on the stage, beautiful tradition in the acting, culture in the audience. The drama was a series of intellectual situations, not a good play, but one which happened to be written with the vitality of one of the greatest minds of modern times, and which, therefore, in spite of everything, wore the stamp of immortality. The principal actor was a man of fine natural and trained emotion, absolutely unerring taste and noble distinction, who never for an instant, although playing a rôle where it could so easily be done, strayed from the direct path of beauty. He made Nathan a Jew and he gave him many race peculiarities, but they were always subordinated in the perfectly harmonised and proportioned picture of a large, charitable nature. It would be rare to get *from the* most careful reading of the play so vividly the picture of a deep mind and heart directed and confirmed by experience into the most spiritual magnanimity. It was high interpretative acting, the kind that counts more weeks later than on the very night. As the audience showed its delight in all this, my mind was carried back to the first night of *Zaza,* with its certain ugly force in play and players, and the contrast stirred every belief in the beautiful. Mr. Conried intends to build a new theatre at the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, to be opened in October, 1900, with a complete cycle of Shakespeare's plays. The change of place is partly to enter the neighbourhood of the more prosperous Germans, partly to attract Americans who will be tempted not only with great plays ably acted, but with the most comfortable theatre in the world. If the enterprise is carried through, as it gives every indica-

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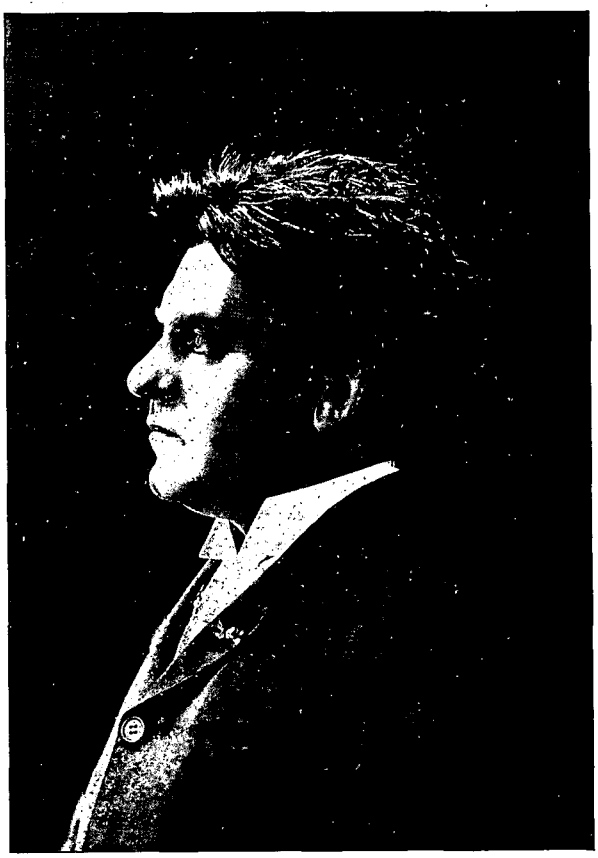
tion of being, it will do more to raise our standards than anything else that is likely to happen, for Mr. Conried's combination of ability and culture surpasses not only anything we have, but anything to be found among the managers of England.

In *Wallenstein* neither Sonnenthal nor the company showed to such good advantage as in Lessing's play, and it seemed clear that the excellence of the visiting actor is in fineness, sincerity, sensitiveness and taste, rather than in the direct force required for the Duke. In one way, however, his Wallenstein almost equalled his Nathan—as a picture for the eye. In the ability to look a part, like a portrait by a great master, he could hardly have a superior.



HEINRICH CONRIED.
Manager of the Irving Place Theatre.

The only new play of the month which deserves serious treatment is a one-act tragedy, *Little Italy*, by Horace B. Fry, of New York. It is not easy to tell after one view how much of the effect is due to the playwright and how much to the acting, but in any reasonable division there is enough to reflect glory on both. It is almost unheard of for a tragedy to be written in America, and yet this little piece, by the simplicity, force, and elevation of the feelings depicted, belongs entirely in the domain of tragedy. The tragedy is distinguished from any other play which ends in misfortune by the feeling left in the spectator. If the passions depicted have been so high and simple, if the essence of life seems to have been given, so that it is right that life should end, we are satisfied, even if the tears stand in our eyes; and this is tragedy. If, as in *Tess*, our attention has been taken up with details, bad luck, misunderstanding and misfortune, and the depths of the soul have not been freely sounded when the knell comes, it is not tragedy, but rather what is commonly known as "a disagreeable play." *Little Italy* is a tragedy, and one worthy of the brilliant acting it inspired. The wife of a baker in our Italian quarter is unhappy with her husband, who has much less education and intelligence than she, but who loves her. Her old lost lover appears, and after a struggle of conscience she escapes with him. The husband returning finds her explanation in English, which he can understand only by getting his little daughter to read it to him. With her in his arms he receives the blow. Starting out to take his Italian revenge, he is met by a rush of neighbours, in front of them the lover carrying the dying body of the wife, who has been injured in an accident. The husband's heart breaks over her form in passionate weeping. Then he turns to slay the lover, but is stopped because he does not wish his child to be made fatherless by the hangman. Grief and despair in a flood break once more over the dying woman, and the curtain falls. It is very pure and direct and strong, and it was executed with rare skill by the actors. Frederic de Belleville, as the heartbroken husband, reached a remarkably high plane of

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HERR SONNENTHAL IN "WALLENSTEIN."

acting. He was the true protagonist, for it was one of the originalities of the play that not the escaping lovers but the deserted husband should be the centre of the tragedy, and Mr. de Belleville accomplished that best feat of the player, a true and beautiful expression of deep emotion. Mrs. Fiske, as the wife, also acted admirably, giving to the Italian woman a direct passion and simplicity that made a perfectly objective creation. It adds one more to her many laurels that she has discovered such an American play as this and given it such a presentation.

Of a few other things it may be well to speak a word, mainly as the background to the enriching art offered by Mr. Conried and Mrs. Fiske. *Othello* was played for a week at the Herald Square very wretchedly, with a charming soubrette for Desdemona, an Iago without a touch of subtlety or distinction, and a Moor without authority or force. *Romeo and Juliet* in most respects was little better, Mr. MacLean's Romeo be-

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FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE.

ing as bad as his Othello, and the company entirely lacking spirit and intelligence. Miss Tyler's Juliet, however, after her Desdemona, was a great surprise. The explanation seems to be that Desdemona absolutely requires something of the grand style, something noble and dignified, while a very good Juliet, certainly as Juliets go, can be made out of mere girlish sincerity and grace. Never in any performance that I have seen has the playfulness of the early scenes sat so well on an actress, never has the exaggerated, beautiful rhetoric of the love passages seemed so natural a part of youth, or the potion scene looked so true a bit of real hysteria. Miss Tyler lacked authority. The great mind and feeling of the poet were not in her words and form, but the mind and feeling of Juliet were. It was the best, the only pleasing performance of the part I have ever seen, and that alone is reason enough for me to put this Shakespeare experiment, spoiled by bad actors, corrupt text and ignorance of verse delivery, in a category above the ordinary run of successful plays. Take *Colinette,* for instance, in which Miss Marlowe has opened here, with praise from the press and the probability

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of fair support from the public. It is so bad that its success must be due either to the powerful auspices under which it is produced, to the immense influence of concentrated interest and theatre-going habit, or else to a public taste for mediocrity. It is very difficult to escape the tendency to go where so many others are sure to go. Therefore, on a certain Monday, knowing that Desdemona had been a failure, I let the new Juliet go and went to see this *Colinette,* a weak, unoriginal play, acted in a commonplace manner, and so missed, the next day, the opportunity to have one daily paper hail with ardent welcome a novel, winning and instructive performance of one of the rôles that must always be so dear to lovers of literature and the stage. And that unhappy choice but illustrates the manner in which the theatre-going public decides.

Jerome's play, *John Ingerfield,* at the Lyceum, had the one merit of selecting a central character and theme of *genuine* interest, and this character was presented with sympathy and ability by Edward Morgan; but the play was too feeble in construction and too conventional in its working out to give it life. *Rupert of Hentzau,* which followed at the Lyceum, is a rather exciting melodrama of the familiar sort, decked out in rich scenery and fair acting.

Norman Hapgood.

MR. CHIMMIE FADDEN OF NEW YORK

WHILE *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War* is still in the first full flush of success we can take up the adventures of another friend of the same station in life with a relish that is no less ardent because his merits have been already well weighed. *Chimmie Fadden,* by Edward W. Townsend, has just been issued in the Phœnix Series by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Townsend's Bowery Bayard was, in a measure, the literary ancestor of Mr. Dunne's Chicago Irishman. Had there been no Fadden we might still have had Dooley, but he would hardly have been as many-sided and entertaining a character. There are many points of similarity. Each was originally introduced to us in the columns of a newspaper; each was a new and unsuspected type, having much to say of life and saying it with refreshing quaintness and humour. Then, too, each was purely local. Chimmie Fadden would have been entirely out of place in Chicago; in New York Mr. Dooley would be flatly impossible. The creators of characters like these must bring to the task sense and insight and humour. If Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Dooley had not been extremely droll they would have been flat and absurd. That this popularity is just is beyond doubt; time will show whether they are to be real and lasting contributions to literature.

The story of how the idea of Chimmie Fadden first came to Mr. Townsend at a newsboys' dinner that he was sent to report, and that at the same dinner there was the woman, a slum worker, who was the original of Miss Fannie, is pretty widely known. At the time Mr. Townsend was with the New York *Sun,* and it was Charles A. Dana who ordered the writing of the second story. Soon the stories began to be known and quoted, and one day Mr. Chester S. Lord, the managing editor of the *Sun,* said: "Can't you run up and find that little Bowery chap you've been writing about and get him to talk some more." "Oh," said Townsend, "he's purely an imaginary character." "Then imagine some more

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Edward W. Townsend.

Photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

about him." To attempt any lengthy analysis of the character of Chimmie Fadden, or the reasons of his popularity, would be wholly out of place in the present article. In the adventures there is nothing strikingly strange or witty. The humour seems to lie in the fact that Mr. Townsend forces us to look upon life, while reading, with Chimmie's eyes and from Chimmie's point of view. Beyond this there are the little touches. "Peg Gussie" for Pegasus is a positive triumph, worthy almost to be ranked with the "McAromy" of Yellowplush. One of the drollest of the stories is that which tells of the appearance of Chimmie and

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"de Duchess" at the festivities of the Rose Leaf Social Outing and Life Saving Association. When Mr. Townsend was in San Francisco he and a number of other members of the Bohemian Club of that city spent most of their leisure time cruising about on a yacht. They adopted the humorous title, "Rose Leaf Social and Outing Club." On one of these cruises they rescued the crew of a boat that had capsized in the bay, and the "Life Saving" was added in commemoration of this event. After the stories that make up the first Chimmie Fadden book had appeared in the *Sun* Mr. Townsend applied to Mr. Dana for the privilege of having them brought out in book form. Mr. Dana gave the required consent, and then added extravagantly: "And I hope you sell the thousand of them." A few months later Mr. Charles E. Gould, to whom *Near a Whole City Full* is dedicated, and a close friend of Mr. Dana, gave Mr. Townsend a dinner in celebration of the hundred thousandth copy of *Chimmie Fadden* sold. The next morning Mr. Dana went to Mr. Townsend's desk in the *Sun* office, and after referring to the dinner, said: "Can you tell me why *Chimmie Fadden* has reached a hundred thousand?" "Because," replied Townsend, "of the sentimental relations of Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul toward Miss Fannie."

That Mr. Townsend does not now occupy the place in public notice that he did when it was the fashion for society girls to greet each other between dances and over five o'clock tea with enthusiastic "wot'ells!" is due to no fault of his later work. True, *A Daughter of the Tenements* was a poor novel written with fine fire and humour. The tricks and twists, the extravagances of plot, the character and machinations of Mark Waters, were entirely unworthy of his talent. But the book contained some fine scenes and vigorous descriptions, and led the way to the writing of the stories that were collected under the title of *Near a Whole City Full*. Mr. Townsend is a native of California. His first published stories were those which appeared in the San Francisco *Argonaut* in 1882. They were tales of Bohemian life. After a long period of work with the San Francisco papers he came, about ten years ago, to New York, and soon became what is known in the office of a metropolitan daily as "the star reporter," the man who writes the big murder trials, the big fires, the big political meetings, the introductions to the big football games. In the autumn of 1893 a disrespectful allusion to Richard Harding Davis's account of the changing of the guard at St. James (in *Our English Cousins*), in one of the Major Max *causeries*, provoked from the author of Van Bibber a challenge worthy of a less cynical and hard-headed age. Soon after Mr. Davis's *The Princess Aline* appeared, and the San Francisco *Examiner* telegraphed frantically to Mr. Townsend for a fifteen hundred word review of the book. The review—probably the only book review ever telegraphed—was, however, measured and laudatory, and contained no allusion to the narrowly averted *affaire d'honneur*. Despite the fact that Mr. Townsend's early literary influences and environment were entirely those of the Pacific coast, there are few writers whose work belongs so wholly to New York, who write so spontaneously and sympathetically of its comedy and tragedy. There are certain localities that he has made distinctively his own. For Greenwich Village, Washington Square and the lower west side there are Bunner, Brander Matthews, Janvier; for the Ghetto, Cahan; for Murray Hill, Richard Harding Davis; for curious, out-of-the-way nooks on the island's eastern brink, Henry Harland; for old Second Avenue and squatter territory, Fawcett; the Bend belongs to Townsend. Others have invaded it, but it is indisputably his. He is at home elsewhere; he can tell us stories of Washington Square, of Fifth Avenue, of the old vicious life of the streets to the south of Washington Square, but his heart is not there; he likes the Bend best of all. While with the *Sun* he wrote a series of descriptive articles dealing with Proletarian New York. To the preparing and writing of these articles, which were illustrated by Abbie Underwood, is due much of the accurate and sympathetic local colour of his stories. He seems to need a tangible background for his people. The home of Miss Fannie and "His Whiskers" fronts the Sound, near Larchmont. The House of Yellow Brick of *Near a Whole City Full* may easily be found at the lower end of Pell Street. The Mott Street opium

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joint of *A Daughter of the Tenements,* the church where the white slaves died, are structures familiar enough to people who visit or inhabit that part of New York. While Chimmie Fadden is his most original creation, his best work, from an artistic point of view, is found in the tales that make up *Near a Whole City Full.* Here is brevity, humour, feeling, real pathos. The tales give the impression of strength, and make the reader feel that the writer sees and knows his creatures. The stories of *bourgeois* Greenwich villagers are not equal to the others, but "By Whom the Offence Cometh," "Just Across the Square," "The Dog on the Roof," "A Rose of the Tenderloin," "Guardians of the Law," are unique. The last-named story is matter of fact. The woman Cora was dragged up as a witness at the time of the Lexow investigations.

Mr. Townsend's present home is in Montclair, New Jersey. He plays golf and is as ardent a wheelman as that prince among literary commuters, Henry Cuyler Bunner, became in the later years of his life. He believes that artificial light is the best for literary labour, and can work best and fastest late at night. He is at present working on a novel in which he has gone back to the boundless West and the unsealed mountains' heart. The tale deals with gold, love, highwaymen, fighting, with scenes laid in the Sierra Nevadas. It is to be about seventy-five thousand words in length, and will probably be finished late in the spring. Side by side with this story, for which he has not yet selected a title, he is working over a novel of New York City life, to be called *The Deep Sea Food Man,* and which is to treat of the struggles of the released convict trying to fight his way back into society.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MR. MARTIN DOOLEY OF CHICAGO

ONE day, somewhere about the middle of 1893, two Chicago men were discussing certain humorous phases of the opening of the World's Fair. Mr. Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats" column had been full of gibes, witty and humorous, at the crudeness of Western culture, at our feeble attempts to appear at ease in the presence of distinguished foreigners, and our frantic efforts to entertain the Infanta. Some of Field's barbs had been struck into cuticle more or less sensitive from long irritation, and New York and Boston paragraphers were enjoying our discomfiture. One of the Chicago men alluded to could not quite sympathise with Field's point of view, and remarked to the other that it was too severe, if not almost brutal at times: "Did you read the Irish dialect story in last Saturday's *Evening Post?*" he inquired. "Now that is my idea of humour," he added. The first line of the display head was "Among the 'Potes.'" Colonel McNeery—the McGarry of saloon fame—had been down at the "Lithry Congress," and found it a "sad disappointment." This article was shortly followed by another giving Colonel McNeery's account of his call on the Lady Managers, and Mr. Dunne has admirers who would have been unwilling to exclude these two articles from his first book. They were among the earliest of his dialect contributions to his paper.

The idea of writing "Dooley" first came to Mr. Dunne about seven or eight years ago, but it was not until 1893 that he first put his vague scheme into form. His plan was to take an old Irishman and give his comments, principally on local politics and local absurdities (if the two are not synonymous). At that time old McGarry kept a saloon on Dearborn Street, near Madison, and very close to the Chicago *Tribune.* The old man had opinions, and his characteristic way of giving expression to them made his resort a popular one to observant newspaper men. Something

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F. P. Dunne

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Photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

he said one day gave Mr. Dunne an impulse, but this was McGarry's sole contribution to the beginning of the articles. The name, Colonel McNeery, under which he figures, was changed to "Dooley" within the year, and the saloon has long since given place to haberdashery. As Mr. Dunne very rarely saw McGarry after the articles were started, it is not fair to credit him with the inspiration of the

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whole series. This may be taken as authentic, as it comes directly to me in an interview with Mr. Dunne, who laid the scene out in Archer Avenue, which was formerly an old turnpike and was generally known as Archer Road or Archey Road, because in the old days it was the centre of Irish life in Chicago. The Illinois and Michigan Canal began near there, and work on the canal in the pioneer days of Chicago had brought thousands of Irishmen—most of whom came from the west of Ireland—to work in the neighbourhood, and they had settled down there in their own homes and formed the beginning of a settlement that was for many years almost exclusively Irish, although now it is probably more than half made up of people from the southeast of Europe. Mr. Dunne recalls that when he was a boy there were a good many characters of the "Dooley" type living in that section of Chicago, and he conceived the idea that the views of one of them, reflected by newspaper reading —for they are great readers—would be a good medium for comments on local affairs. As time went on, the articles have broadened considerably until now they are almost exclusively about national or international politics; but in the beginning they were little more than sketches of Irish life, as well as comments on the ever-changing political situation.

The name "Dooley" was a random choice; it is a typical name in certain parts of Ireland, and although not very common, perhaps, is very Irish. The other principal personages—McKenna, Hennessey, O'Brien and Father Kelly—are real. Father Kelly is not drawn wholly from life, but there is a Father Kelly in the neighbourhood who is a great friend of Mr. Dunne's, and it was among his people, although in another part of the city, that the author's boyhood was passed. If there is any truth in the sketches, it comes from Mr. Dunne's recollection of the people around St. Patrick's Church, on the "west side."

Mr. Dunne did not take his Dooley papers very seriously—at least not until others began to do so. At first they were a feature of the Saturday issue of his paper—done hurriedly amidst the more serious duty of editorial work, without attempt to polish, and each rarely consuming more than an hour in the preparation. But it is their spontaneity and their lack of laborious effort which make them so readable. Mr. Dunne believes this hasty preparation should explain some of the inaccuracies in the brogue which hurt the ears of an Irishman who knows how his countrymen talk. At the same time he has never pretended that they were pure brogue, but he has tried to make Dooley talk as an Irishman would talk who had lived thirty or forty years in America, and whose natural pronunciation had been more or less affected by the slang of the streets. As, for example, no one ever hears a raw Irishman say "knowed," but Irishmen who have lived some time in America, especially in such an environment as Archey Road, have grown into this and other aberrations from the real brogue, which is a matter of mathematics in the old country. At the same time, I may remind Mr. Dunne's readers that he is often complimented by learned men from Roscommon County on the general accuracy of Mr. Dooley's brogue, and he believes it to be, with a few exceptions like the one noted, a fair representation of the ordinary talk of a Roscommon man.

When another volume of selections is made by Mr. Dunne, it is hoped, by several of his friends, that he may include the two early ones referred to, when Mr. Dooley was Colonel McNeery. The Colonel's visit to the "potes" of the "Lithry Congress" introduced a "pote" who was new—even in Chicago.

"I've been a hot sport this week," said the Colonel. "I've taken in all the fash'nable shindigs—th' world's fair, th' prize fight an' th' lithry congress. I've an inthrist in lithratoor, an' me frind Tiddy comes in an' he says, says he: 'Mack,' he says, 'lam over with me to th' A-art Institoot,' he says, 'an' see th' big guys in lithratoor,' he says. 'All right,' says I. 'I'll go ye,' I says. So we ups an' goes to th' A-art Institoot an' takes a seat with th' lads that has no credentials for to go on th' sta-age. I asks Tiddy about th' guys above. 'Who's that?' I says, pointin' out a gazaboo with long hair. 'That's Gilder,' he says. 'He's a great pote.' 'Glory be to Gawd,' I says, 'is that so? What did he write?' 'Dam'd if I know,' says Tiddy. 'I niver know'd what he wrote, but he's a great pote.' 'An' who's th' duck next be him?' I says. 'That,' says he, 'is Char-les Dudley Warner, th' famous novelist.' 'Dear, oh, dear,' I says. 'An' what novel did the poor

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man write?' 'He niver wrote no novels,' says Tiddy. 'He's a iditor,' he says. 'By gar!' I says, surprised, 'there's that cheeky Oogane Field up there be th' sta-age,' I says. 'It beats the divvle what nerve thim rayporters has,' I says. 'Goo wan,' says he. 'He ain't no rayporter,' he says. 'He's a lithry guy,' he says. 'An' he writes pothry,' he says. 'Now hould ye'er head,' he says. 'They're off.'"

But the "intertainment" did not please the Colonel.

"Divvle a word about pothry," he says. "It was like a meetin' iv th' Bricklayers' Union it was, so it was, with all th' talk about how the dirty old book publishers was thrown it into th' poor potes an' grindin' thim down in th' ground. . . . Well, sir, be this an' be that, it turned out that there was oney wan pote in th' house. 'An' in th' name iv heavin who d'ye think it was? Bonney! Yis, yis. Divil th' liss. That's him. Th' little lawyer. Th' little guy with th' bunch iv whiskers. Oh, dear; oh, dear. Well, sir, if th' pope iv Rome—Gawd f'rgive me f'r sayin' it—was to come up to that bar at this blissid moment an' ask f'r gin an' bitthers I'd be no more taken back. I niver know'd Bonney was a pote. I thought he was more respectable. But he read a pome, an' tho' pothry ain't my long suit savin' an' exciptin' 'Donnelly an' Cooper' or 'Brinnin on th' Moor,' or little Mickey Scanlan's pome, 'Th' Jacket Green'—ye know it, Jawn:

> 'Arah, whin down th' Glin r-rode
> Sarsfield's min an' they
> Wo-are their jackets green—'

pothry's not a leg hould f'r me; but, by gar, I liked Bonney's pothry. Listen:

'Th' splendid city build at Jackson Paark,' he says,
'To house,' he says, 'th' gathered treasures iv th' world
Must pass away, but reproduced in books,' he says,
'Th' wondhrous forms in beauty an iv use,'
Which there,' he says, 'excite amazement and delight,
Shall put on immorality (no, be gar, that's wrong) immortality and take,' says he,
'Their lasting place in human his'try,' says Bonney.

"'Well,' I says to Tiddy, 'that's a dam'd fine article iv pothry,' I says. 'It sounds almost like prose,' I says. 'It is prose,' says Tiddy. 'Then,' says I, 'divil a bit the worse it is for that,' says I. So we ups an' goes to the prize fight."

"In Woman's Sfare," in which Colonel McNeery makes a call on the Lady Managers of the World's Fair, concludes with a "dispute between the 'Naypoltan' ice-cream woman and the 'tooty-frooty' Lady manager."

"Thin Mrs. Potther Pammer says: 'Girls,' says she, 'come to ordher,' she says. 'There do be business iv importance to thransact.' An' with that a poor, lone man climbs on th' platform. He do be th' guy they've sint out fr'm Wash'n'ton for to steer th' girls right on parly-menthry law, an' he looks as woorid an' ong-weed, as Tiddy says, as a polissman in a pianny concert. They've no more than set in than an illigant-lukin' woman she stands up an' says she: 'Ladies,' she says, 'I moves we has Naypoltan ice crame at th' loonch-on.' 'Pint iv order,' says a gray-haired old lady. 'Pint iv order,' says she. 'Shtate ye'er pint iv order,' says Mrs. Pammer, says she. 'The pint iv order,' says th' gray-haired lady, 'the pint iv order,' says she, 'is that th' lady is not ta-alkin' to th' question,' she says. 'We a-are here to discuss,' she says, 'for why shud not wimmen take their proper sfare,' says she. 'An' besides,' says she, 'tooty-frooty have been ordhered already.' 'The pint is well taken,' says Mrs. Pammer. 'It is not,' says th' first lady. 'I want for to say that Naypoltan ice crame shud be ordered,' she says, 'f'r th' loonch-on an' nothin' th' old shkate'—no, by gar, she didn't say that, Jawn—'th' old lady,' she says, 'that shpoke last,' says she, 'can't make me set down,' says she. 'Who'se old?' says th' old lady. 'Ye minx,' says she. 'Ye'er a dishturber iv th' peace,' she says. 'Set down,' says all th' ladies that do be on th' side iv th' Naypoltan ice-crame lady, an' 'Thrun her out,' says all them that's with th' lady with th' white hair. 'Ladies,' says Mrs. Pammer. 'Ordher,' she says, wallopin' th' table with a fan. 'Will ye set down,' says th' white-haired wan. 'Niver,' says th' Naypoltan ice-crame wan, 'till I gets me rights, an' whin I gets home,' she says, 'I'll be tillin' me husband—boo-hoo,' says she, cryin', 'what a horrid way I've been threated.'

"Thin th' other wan she bezgins to weep an' thin all th' pa-artizans iv th' Naypoltan lady an' th' white-haired tooty-frooty lady they hollers, too, an' Mrs. Pammer she consults with th' man fr'm Wash'n'ton an' thin she raps with her fan an' says: 'Ladies,' says she, 'let us be friends,' she says. 'Will ye both accipt

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an amendment for to have both Naypoltan an' tooty-frooty on th' table?' 'We will,' says they both in wan breath. 'Thin,' says Mrs. Pammer, 'tis so ordered.' Thin up jumps a little woman an' she says, says she: 'I moves,' she says, 'that we gives th' hankchef saloot,' she says, 'to our president,' she says, 'f'r her able manner,' she says, 'iv makin' th' white-winged angel iv peace shpread his wings,' she says, 'over the scene,' says she. An' thin I goes out."

W. Irving Way.

A SONG OF DAWN AND SPRING-TIME

Behind the bronze-barred, crimson-curtained east
The clear white morning looks upon the earth.
The bare, brown earth, robed for no summer feast,
Nay, nor the Spring's sweet jollity and mirth;
Her winter ermine vanished, see, she heaves
Her huge brown shoulder through last autumn's leaves,
May's verdure not yet come, and past September's sheaves.

But see appear who shall make all amends,
Restore her beauty and her fruitful grace;
Bursting the bars in twain, the sun ascends,
Dawn's radiance pales before his golden face;
His strong, sweet smile to earth all cheer doth bring,
To him returning birds their matins sing,
For him, behold, how swiftly bloom the flowers of spring.

The tender heaven, pure, clear and innocent,
Is flecked with little snow-white wondering clouds;
Wistful, pathetic blue! wherewith is blent
A prophecy of storm, when, in fierce crowds
Those fleecy vapours gather, piling high
Their tempests, in the darkening summer sky,
Whereof the heaven of spring is 'ware, ere storms be nigh.

And now a touch of green upon the fields,
Whereon shall wave the ears of ripened grain;
Anemones unfolding from their shields,
And blood-root, pale with triumph over pain;
Crisp air, that tingles through the growing cheer,
A glory and a gladness drawing near,
Earth's resurrection morning dawns—for spring is here.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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THE AMATEURS OF SATAN

IT has been noted, with wisdom, that epochs marked by the decay of the Christian spirit have been signalled by a corresponding increase of superstition. When the torch of religion has burned clearly, the soul, enamoured of its highest good, has been concerned with evil only in the fear lest it should offend; while on the contrary superstition is primarily a morbid concern for Satan. With this in mind it cannot seem surprising that with the decline of religious belief following in the wake of Materialism, we should come upon a revival of the phase that characterises some of the darkest pages of history.

Again the eternal gullibility of the public is manifested through mountebanks and imbeciles garbed in the tatters of a Goërres, an Agrippa, a Lascaris—our amateurs; for the dust on the library shelves devoted to magic and alchemy has of late been disturbed, and lo! a new school has arisen—"The Mystics"—followed by their historians, biographers and critics. Not satisfied to be mere literary faddists, they proclaim a "new evangel" and in their own persons and those of their followers hold forth exemplars of the dangerous results of æsthetics without a moral code, spiritualism without dogma, riotous imagination without stable reasoning.

Passing over their unwarranted assumption of a name that has come to be associated with some of the greatest personages in religious history, we might view our contemporary so-called Mystics without concern if their offences were confined to the etymological; but it is a trait of our contemporary Mystics generally to manifest deeper concern for the devil than for the higher life; and amid the fashionable glitter of pyxes, monstrances and chalices, the rustle of copes and chasubles, and clinking of thuribles, one may catch not infrequently the swish of a spiked tail and the exhibition of a cloven hoof. For already it is long ago that Ernest Hello—now "le grand Hello"—sounded the rally call to the ideals of the Church of Rome: a Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, one of the crusaders born out of time, and a Melchior de Vogüé arose to sustain him. Forthwith it was whispered that the day of realism was passing and from their watch-towers our amateurs beheld the movement on the horizon. Off go the robes of the scoffer and materialist, and lo! they are forth on the Boulevards of Paris, in their Assyrian caps, their copes, their mitres and berettas, their astrological garments. Infidels, pagans, Catholics, Protestants or Jews—it makes no difference. They are now ardent Spiritualists and already call upon the Pope to amend the æsthetic faults of the churches and to conform more strictly to the spirit of the mystical writers. And the devil—he is not forgotten by this delirious concourse of tainted minds and bodies, many of whom should be in the hands of the moral police. For in the wake of the Holy Grail and the pontificals of Parsifal, and following the revivals of Angele de Foligno and Ruysbroeck, we come upon an amateur resurrection of the devilry of the seventeenth century. Satanists and "Luciferiennes" are in vogue; the weak-minded and unbalanced are aroused; the tabernacles of the churches robbed of their consecrated particles to serve infuriated lusts and unspeakable purposes; the dusty shelves of demonology are besieged; the "grimoires," the rituals of the Hindoos, cabalists and alchemists are thumbed by illiterate journalists; and the arch-fiend gloating over it all is—the publisher. There is not a novelty of any description. The merest glance at the works of the old writers shows that they are the storehouses from which our amateurs have drawn their ammunition. For there has not been any age since the foundation of Christianity in which profanations, visions, miracles and extraordinary phenomena have not been attributed to the evil spirits; in which magic has not had its art and its literature; while some of the old achemistical students dealt in a symbolism as beautiful—and as intelligible—as that of many of our contemporary poets.

It remained, we must not forget to add, for that giant hoax, Diana Vaughan, to

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be foisted on the very simple-minded public. One of the great journals announced on the discovery of her fabrications that now that her case was exploded, the questions of Luciferianism and Satanism had received their quietus. This was an error, however; for Diana's testimony had never been accepted by those well versed in devil-lore. And yet there was, certainly, some very clever parody in her confessions. According to the old writers, the magician wishing to make his victim suffer, pierced the little image of wax made to the latter's likeness with needles. According to Diana, however, the disciples of that old Washington gentleman, General Albert Pike, created a vacuum around the mannikin with a pneumatic pump; this, she was made to say, caused the victim intolerable suffering.

Nevertheless, the well-informed man and woman of to-day must at least pretend to a knowledge of the mystical literature. The fashionable woman again wears the severe crosses that decorated her grandmother; she covers her drawing-room chairs with bits of old embroidered chasubles; her mantels and pianos and doorways are dressed with antique copes and the spoils of decaying continental churches. For such "Mystics," it is a shame not to know the distinction between Lucifer and Satan; not to mention other demonian details. At the new-fangled revivals Satan has been vaguely referred to equally with the devil, as the spirit of evil. Our demonologists do not stop here, however. According to M. Jules Blois, of whom we later shall speak more at length, "Satan does not exist by himself; he is chaos; *la detresse du Foetus énorme qui ne devient jamais l'enfant.*" And again Huysmans's *Canon Dacre* tells us: Satan is *"le suzerain des mépris, le cordial des vaincus, le fertilisateur des cerveaux, le soutien du pauvre, l'incitateur au meurtre."* M. Blois further enlightens us on the subject of Satan: *"Il regne sur le sorcier, le bandit, le traitre incurable et fatal, le misereux hors toutes lois, le revolté. C'est Satan-Verbe, le Christ des fanges, le Reptile Emissaire du monde, l'éternel portecroix des infamies, le persecuté a qui nul ne pardonnera."* For the rest, Satan is pride, pleasure, the father of profanations, sacrilege and falsehood, the God Pan, the Logos of the Gnostics, the formless Androgyne that palpitates the world.

As for Lucifer, whom the Palladists or Luciferians are said to worship with a system of rites and a hierarchy corresponding to a Catholicism reversed, he is, as his name signifies, their god of light, their principle of good, and is not by any means to be classed with Satan. Lucifer, however, is not their supreme god, but—a revival of Manichæism—is equal with Adonaï, god of darkness and evil. This aspect, of course, places Lucifer outside the scriptural order of spirits.

There has also, we are afraid, been some misunderstanding regarding the devil, who, after all, turns out at the hands of our demonologists to be the "collectivity of the power of the demons;" and this centralised influence is called the spirit of death and darkness, the shadow of the soul. It is the demons, the countless atoms of the devil's malign being, that take an active part in the history of the marvellous. They are the imps that torment the weak in mind and body; fill the haunted houses with noises; the hobgoblins that Paracelsus dispersed with his sword; the spirits of the *incubus* and *succubus*; the dreaded vampire of the Middle Ages. It was the demons who assailed the Antonys and Paphnuces in the desert; who spoke in the voices of the pagan oracles; who, Saint Teresa writes, *"jouaient avec ma personne comme avec une balle."* Saint Ignatius has diagnosed their character for us in a most exact manner and more modern experiences have been related by M. J. Lemaître in the *Revue Bleue* (Jan. 5, 1894), and M. Louis Veuillot.

Most terrible of all the manifestations of these malignant powers is demoniac possession. There is testimony in the Scriptures of many cases among the Jews, and with the Latins, the man *plenus larvarum* was considered to be given over to hobgoblins. The prevalence of these possessions among the Gentiles gave rise in the third century to a special order in the Primitive Church; this body was charged exclusively with exorcism, the prognostication and treatment of the cases of "possessed," and the driving forth with prayer, fasting and ceremonial of whatever demons had taken up their abode in the soul of the afflicted one.

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That this rite happens to be invoked less and less in modern times is due, according to some writers, to the gradual restriction of the Satanic empire consequent on the propagation of Christianity. The silence and confusion of the Oracle of Delphi in the face of the spreading Apostolic Church is claimed to have been for a similar reason. French missionaries among the heathens claim to find possession much more common than is supposed in civilised countries; where, moreover, there are many who maintain the fact of demoniac possession and the efficacy of the rite of exorcism from actual personal experience. M. Huysmans, who gives authority for a number of modern cases in France, says very succinctly on this point: "Formerly, not a few unfortunates were burnt at the stake, who were not at all possessed by the Evil One; nowadays those that are, we souse with shower-baths; in old times everything was diabolical; now, everything is natural."

It is a long cry, however, from the days when catechumens were obliged to submit to exorcisms for twenty days before being admitted to baptism; when religious fumigations were called into service to drive out the lurking spirits with odours almost as diabolical as themselves. The procedure of apostolic days and the Fathers, according to the testimonies of Cyprian, Origen, Chrysostom and Epiphanius, was the sign of the cross, the use of holy water and relics; but with the progress of time, the exorcists adopted other aids to increase in their souls the necessary fervour, and very early in the Christian Era we find them fortified with the formidable armory which has been handed down to us in the rituals. M. Blois, noting this development of the rite, accuses the clergy of having opposed Satan with magical batteries parallel to his own. "*Le sacerdote,*" he writes, "*devient le magicien qu'il doit renverser. A sorcier, sorcier et demi. Le bibles se muent en manuels de goétie: chaque phrase revêt, semble-t-il, une superstitieuse et réelle puissance, les mots se groupent en conjurations, les prières sont barbelées des menaces. Une vertu secrète émane de la garde-robe hiératique: un dictame presque physique coule des huiles saintes,*" etc. Such a conclusion is, no doubt, natural from M. Blois, who, without being Christian, is an "ardent Spiritualist." From this point of view, the mere act of prayer would become a magical act and all religious service merely a kind of incantation. Without losing sight for the moment that M. Blois's application of "magician" and "sorcerer," to the exorcists is erroneous and contrary to the signification of those sinister words, one must confess that there are many at the present day who regard the Bible in some such superstitious light; nor does one need the ritualist's belief in the efficacy of holy oils and water in order to appreciate the moral and mental value of religious symbols and offices.

In the Roman ritual we find the complete ceremonial of exorcism as performed by the clergy of that Church. It is the custom to begin with the ordinary litanies, after which are read the Psalm LIII., the Evangels of Saint John (1st), Saint Mark (16th), Saint Luke (10th and 11th). The priest is directed to place his right hand on the head of the person possessed, to put his stole about the latter's neck and sign him with the sign of the cross. The rest of the rite consists of a series of adjurations taken from the Scriptures and possessing great beauty and power, *e. g.*: "I adjure thee, ancient serpent, in the name of the judgment of the living and the dead, in the name of thy Creator, to come forth immediately with all thine army of fury from this servant of our God who seeks refuge in the bosom of the church. . . . Obey then; obey not me but the minister of Christ," etc., etc.

Exorcism has no longer its special body as in the early church: to-day it is one of the minor orders given to the student for the Roman priesthood. In practically the same manner it is performed in the Greek Church and schismatic churches of the Orient. The ritualists of the Anglican Church regard it as one of their orders, and in the ordinary course of their ministry practise it indirectly; for in the formal service of the blessing of chalices, ostensoriums, pyxes, etc., they must first purify the nature of the article by casting out the Satan that lurks in all matter since the sin of Adam and Eve.

It should be stated here, however, that the rite of exorcism was omitted from the Anglican liturgy (Edward VI., 5th

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and 6th), and that according to the 72d Canon, no minister shall without the formal license of the bishop of the diocese, attempt at any pretence whatever, either obsession or possession, by fasting or prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture. May we infer from this that the rite of exorcism is retained, at least, shall we say, *in petto?* and that all that would prevent the Anglican exorcist from performing the full rite in complete accord with the canon of his Church would be the necessity of the episcopal license?

There can be little doubt but that M. Jules Blois's latest work, *Satanisme et la Magie,* has taken a permanent place in the literature of the occult; for there is, in the strict sense of the word, such a literature. Michelet's *La Sorcière* and the stupendous volumes of Eliphas Lévi have heretofore stood at the head of the modern works dealing with magic in its various forms. Of the ancient works, the "grimoires," the apocryphal manuals of Solomon and Merlin, of popes and anti-popes,—the books so greatly in demand during former centuries,—let us only say that had the critic been acquainted with them, particularly with the *Songe Vert* of Bernard the Trevisan, the *Douze Portes* of Ripley and the *Tablet of Emerald,* the school of Maeterlinck and his confrères would not have been hailed by them as so remarkable a novelty.

But M. Blois's great book, made up of brilliant patches of recondite learning, records of cases of witchcraft, demoniac orgies of "La Voisin" and *les ablés Verbicides,* vagaries of alchemists and demented minds, the testimonies of obscure scribes pandering to the vanity and vices of the superstitious—this large volume, with here and there the light of a beautiful imaginative passage, is like our amateurs' Satan himself—half beast, half man, half woman, half mirage—half nothing. M. Blois does not hesitate to expose the vacuity of the pompous Eliphas Lévi, whose colossal monuments of charlatanism and bombosity have thin air for their corner-stone. But is it to supersede these masterpieces of Lévi that his book has been written?

Moreover, his wealth of references and his elusive treatment of many subjects are indeed still open to investigation. When we examine a few of his statements—particularly those repeated several times in his explanatory notes—we find that they sometimes possess more colour than substance. Reference is made particularly to that dramatic rhapsody, *Le Rôle Fatidique de la Femme,* with which his volume opens and which is founded on the statement, emphasised in several footnotes, that in the early Greek Oriental Church woman was privileged with holy orders and was consecrated solemnly to the priesthood. Later, he tells us, she was gradually deprived of these privileges and at length banished altogether from the sanctuary. In proof M. Blois refers us to the Councils of Laodicea 369 A.D. and of Carthage 39 A.D., at which these privileges were formally taken away.

On referring to the Eleventh Canon of Laodicea one finds that it did concern itself with women; but merely to forbid the "giving of any authority or precedence" in the church to them. M. Blois has made use of the entirely discredited translation of this passage by Gratian, who is in this particular contradicted by both Zonare and Balsamon.

It is also true that the Council of Carthage in its Fourth Canon forbade priests "to consecrate virgins." However, it meant the clergy to understand that this right belonged to the bishops only, while instead of referring to priesthood it concerned their taking conventual vows. From these points of view one may survey two well-known cross-roads of history. The ex-Abbé Victor Charbonnel, in his late volume, *Les Mystiques dans la Littérature Presente,* deplores the perversity of M. Blois's genius. "M. Jules Blois," he tells us, "might have written verses still more beautiful than those of *Prière* or *Douleur d'Aimer,* if he had been a poet only. He has explored that world of mystery wherein the little religions of Paris have taken refuge; he has told their naïvetés and horrors. He has seen the devil, he has discovered him everywhere. He has made himself his reporter, or rather, even should the word be found a little too mystical, he has made himself his evangelist. This has spoiled for us the evangelist, the poet—and even—the devil, who hereafter will seem to us more comical than tragic."

Thomas Walsh.

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THE OPERA SEASON OF 1898-1899

NEW YORK has been a home of opera for a hundred and fifty years; and since the Garcias introduced Italian opera in 1825, a vast number of brilliant singers have won fame and fortune here. The field has been tempting to the *impresario,* but Palmo's, the Astor Place, the Irving Place, and even the Metropolitan Opera Houses have witnessed financial failures and artistic successes. This season, remarkable for the largest and most expensive company ever gathered together, is also remarkable for its financial success. This means the generous support of the public and the assurance of this delightful and æsthetic pleasure to the city for certainly another year. Mr. Grau's marvellous company—a galaxy of bright stars and planets, of which we shall presently speak—was really three companies in one—Italian, French and German; yet almost every member, including many talented Americans, could sing well in all three languages and could sing in several schools. This remarkable versatility and the number of singers able to sing the same rôles made almost any opera possible at a few hours' notice. Space forbids discussions and comparisons which would render justice to all and each, and be instructive and interesting. For example, Jean de Reszké sang his Wagner with lyric beauty; Van Dyck declaimed his after the true Bayreuth fashion. Mme. Lehmann is still the greatest dramatic singer of her time and the greatest interpreter of Wagner's female rôles; Mme. Sembrich is the greatest lyric singer among the women of her day and one of the greatest Mozart interpreters of her century; and so we might continue indefinitely. Nor can we mention the names of all the singers; it is sufficient to say that the company numbered two hundred and fifty.

Of the newcomers Marcella Sembrich took the leading place. She was here at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in 1883-84, but to many persons she was unknown. It is enough to say that she is the equal of Adelina Patti, an accomplished actress and a thorough musician, and that her voice is of the most exquisite quality, purity and richness of tone. Sembrich is simply dazzling and captivating. She stands alone. It was of her that the veteran critic, Hanslick, said, when she was singing in Vienna last year, that she was one of the rare phenomena that appear at intervals of centuries. Fortunately, too, we have her in her prime, while velvet softness enriches her beautiful tones, and while her voice, when she pleases, has the power to sparkle and glitter like flashing gems.

Van Rooy attained a distinguished success. He is a native of Rotterdam, born in 1870. He is a pupil of Stockhausen, and he sang Wotan at Bayreuth in 1897. M. Van Rooy proved himself a true artist every time he appeared. What may not be expected of him in the future?

Frau Schumann-Heink became instantly a favourite. She sang at Bayreuth in 1896 and in London last summer. She is very popular in Berlin. Illness marred her season, but fortunately she had established herself as a singer and actress of most unusual gifts and performance.

Another stranger was M. Albert Saléza, a native of the Basses-Pyrénées, France, and a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, with a good record in Paris and London. M. Saléza, who had to sing many parts identified with Jean de Reszké, bore the comparison well, and that is enough to say. His Roméo, Edgardo in *Lucia,* Don José in *Carmen,* and Radames in *Aïda,* were notable. Among the other newcomers were Suzanne Adams, Henri Albers, Adolf Mühlmann, Hermann Devriés, Lemprière Pringle, and Jacques Bars (who sang here in *Hänsel und Gretel*).

Of all composers Wagner was the most frequently given. He had forty representations. Gounod followed with sixteen; Meyerbeer, nine; Mozart, eight; Verdi, ten; and Donizetti, two.

The season began November 29 with *Tannhäuser* and ended March 25 with *Les Huguenots,* making seventeen weeks and one hundred performances, two of which were for charity and one in memory of Anton Seidl. *Tannhäuser* was

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given seven times; *Il Barbiere,* five; *Roméo et Juliette,* seven; *Marta,* twice; *La Traviata,* three; *Die Walküre,* seven; *Siegfried,* four; *Le Nozze de Figaro,* three; *Tristan und Isolde,* five; *Don Juan,* five; *Das Rheingold,* four; *Aïda,* four; *Les Huguenots,* six; *Die Götterdämmerung,* four; *Lohengrin,* nine; *Carmen,* three; *Faust,* eight; *Lucia di Lammermoor,* twice; *Rigoletto,* twice; *Le Prophète,* twice; *Ero e Leandro,* twice; and *L'Africaine, Manon, La Favorita, Il Trovatore, Philémon et Baucis,* and *Cavalleria Rusticana,* each once, the two latter on the same evening.

The figures are only conjectural, of course, but it is reported that the receipts for the largest audience of the season (first matinée of *Tristan und Isolde*) were $14,000; for the Seidl memorial more than $16,000 was received, $12,000 of which goes to Mrs. Seidl and ultimately to founding a Seidl scholarship at Columbia University. The next largest audience gathered when *Roméo et Juliette* was sung by Jean de Reszké and Sembrich. It is reported the management cleared $90,000 for the season.

Perhaps the most notable single performance was that on January 3 of *Don Giovanni,* the greatest opera that was ever written, which Hans von Bülow called "an opera of the future." This led the critic of the *Evening Post* to say: "If there ever was a time when a finer performance of *Don Giovanni* could be given, it is not recorded in musical history." Maurel, who is the greatest living exponent of this character and who has written learnedly of it, sang the Don; Lehmann, Donna Anna; Nordica, Donna Elvira; Sembrich Zerlina; Édouard de Reszké, Leporello; Carbone, Massetto; and Salignac, Don Ottavio. Would that Mozart could have heard it! This work received five performances (it had one hundred and thirty-three in Germany last year!). Mr. Grau's house was repeatedly sold out a week in advance for this work. *Les Huguenots,* as usual, afforded opportunity for another star cast. Another superb performance was Rossini's *Barbiere* (which, by the way, has been played oftener in New York than any other work), with Édouard de Reszké as Don Basilio; Carbone, Dr. Bartolo; Campanari, Figaro; Salignac, Almaviva; and Sembrich, Rosina. The performance of the latter was nothing short of marvellous, and in addition to the pearls and gossamer and showers of dew-drops of her notes, the display of her powers as pianist and *improvvisatore,* still confuse and bewilder one's memory. *Le Prophète,* with Jean and Édouard de Reszké, Lehmann, Brema, and Plançon, was a noble representation. For the Seidl evening, March 28, selections from *Lohengrin, Die Walküre, Die Meistersinger,* in which Sembrich sang Eva, and *Die Götterdämmerung* were given. The artists, nearly all of whom had sung under Seidl, volunteered their services.

MAURICE GRAU.

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Milonvan Rooy.
New-York 1899.

VAN ROOY AS "WOTAN."

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The season was particularly noteworthy for the first performance of Wagner's *Nibelungen Trilogy* in its entirety, just as Mr. Grau presented it in Covent Garden last June. It is true that cycles of the Ring have been given in New York before, but not without cuts. The mysterious opening to *Die Götterdämmerung*, where the three Norns are weaving the golden cord of Destiny under the fir-trees, was never staged here before, although Seidl used to play it as a *Vorspiel*,

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MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

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nor was the very important scene, where Waltraute seeks her banished sister, Brünnhilde, on her fire-encircled rock, to beg her to restore the cursed Ring to the Daughters of the Rhine, ever performed. The Cycle was given three times.

The cast of *Das Rheingold* for the first performance in January was: Wotan, Van Rooy; Erda, Schumann-Heink; Fricka, Brema; Freïa, Engle; Loge, Van Dyck; Alberich, Bispham; Mime, Meffert; Fafner, Pringle; Fasolt, Mühlmann; Froh, Dippel; Donner, Devriés; and the Rhine-Daughters, Schumann-Heink, Pevny, and Meisslinger.

For *Die Walküre:* Sieglinde, Eames; Siegmund, Van Dyck; Brünnhilde, Brema; Fricka, Schumann-Heink; Wotan, Van Rooy; and Hunding, Pringle.

For *Siegfried:* Siegfried, Dippel; Brünnhilde, Lehmann; Alberich, Bispham; Wotan, Van Rooy; Mime, Meffert; Erda, Schumann-Heink; Fafner, Pringle; and the Bird, Engle.

For *Götterdämmerung:* Siegfried, Jean

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FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINK.

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de Reszké; Hagen, Édouard de Reszké; Alberich, Bispham; Gunther, Mühlmann; Gutrune, Saville; Brünnhilde, Nordica; Waltraute, Schumann-Heink; Rhine-Daughters, Pevny, Meisslinger, and Molka-Kellogg; and Norns, Schumann-Heink, Pevny, and Meisslinger.

Two other cycles were given in February and March. Brünnhilde was sung by Lehmann and Nordica, and Lehmann also appeared as Sieglinde. These performances were financially successful; orders for seats were even telegraphed for from Chicago and other Western cities. The audiences listened in reverent silence in the almost pitch-dark auditorium, through which ushers were occasionally seen passing with specially contrived lanterns to guide the very few late comers to their seats.

We hardly like to single out striking individual performances when the *ensemble* was so fine; but justice demands that we call especial attention to the Erda of Schumann-Heink, whose rich voice lent a real enchantment to the drowsy earth-

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VAN DYCK AS "LOGE."

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mother in her emerald caverns; to the noble Wotan of Van Rooy, whose bearing proclaimed him a denizen of Walhalla and whose broad style and perfect diction gave us new ideas of the part; to Van Dyck's half-demoniacal Loge, whom he made the very incarnation of the spirit of flame, darting hither and thither and brightening every scene with his presence —a truly fine performance; to Bispham's Alberich, which under his treatment became a well-moulded character, a veritable dark elf with genuine passions, singing the music with fidelity of expression and beauty of tone; to the Siegfried in *Die Götterdämmerung* of Jean de Reszké, who almost surpassed his own efforts in the narrative, when, after drinking Hagen's philtre, memory returns; to the Hagen of Édouard de Reszké, whose sinister figure calling to the Gibichungs will never be forgotten; and to Dippel's excellent Siegfried. We may also mention Dippel's attractive Froh, and the beauty of Marie Engle as Freia with her rosy mantle and rosy wreath. One felt

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ANDREAS DIPPEL AS "SIEGFRIED."

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the "Golden Apples" really departing with her when she was carried off by the giants and cold shadows enveloped the gods.

The *personnel* of the orchestra was not so excellent as it might have been. Signor Bevignani and Signor Mancinelli are so well known that lengthy speech of them is unnecessary. We will mention, however, that the latter's *Ero e Leandro,* sung by Eames, Saléza, and Plançon, was the only novelty of the season, and was much liked. It had two representations. Franz Schalk was a new conductor, who had the thankless task of being successor to Anton Seidl, whose fiery and magnetic conducting is fresh in every one's memory. Herr Schalk, a pupil of Anton Bruckner, filled his difficult rôle admirably; his knowledge and conservative reading of the Wagnerian scores make him an invaluable member of the company. He conducted *Das Rheingold* and *Tristan und Isolde* particularly well.

The ballet was not a feature, nor

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LILLIAN NORDICA AS BRÜNNHILDE.

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was the stage-setting remarkable. A special effort was made to give the *Ring* well, and, as far as possible, according to the Bayreuth traditions. The opening of *Das Rheingold* was quite a revelation to those who have only seen the poor attempts previously made in New York. The water was fluid, luminous, and beautiful in colour, and the Rhine-Daughters more graceful than we have seen heretofore. For once in her New York experience Brünnhilde went to sleep under the fir-tree, for which Wagner distinctly calls, instead of any tree the scene-shifter finds convenient; the Walküres dashed in with splendid *brio* on very animated steeds and rushed off with true Wagnerian wildness in a frantic troop of horses before their father's wrath; the hut of which Hunding was lord and master was refreshingly bathed in cool lights and shadows of green and gray, instead of the dirty, melancholy browns to which we have been accustomed; the last scene of *Die Götterdämmerung* was more successful than formerly; and Siegfried's forest was more leafy and sunlit. We must not forget the

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ÉDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.

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delightful dragon of the correct London pantomime variety—a dragon in every way worthy of being killed by the fearless "Son of the Woods," and the *Wurm*, into which Alberich changed himself by means of the *Tarnhelm*. The sinuous convolutions of the latter were realistic. He also was an importation from Covent Garden.

It was interesting to see the progress made in their art by some of the already known singers. First, let us mention David Bispham, who has made great advance. His Alberich is undoubtedly the best we have seen in this country; we doubt if that of Friedrichs can be finer. He was excellent in the natatorial scene with the Rhine-Daughters, and did not deserve, as many Alberichs do, Lavignac's irreverent and witty comparison to "St. Bernard the Hermit chasing prawns, or sea-horses, in an aquarium." His curse of the Ring, when brought out of Nibelheim by Loge to the precincts of Walhalla, was very dramatic and brilliantly rendered. Mr. Bispham's Kur-

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JEAN DE RESZKÉ AS "RAOUL."

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wenal and Wolfram were also splendidly executed, and his judicious mixing of melodic and dramatic singing proves him one of the best interpreters of the Wagnerian rôles.

Campanari was another favourite who exhibited increased power, both as singer and actor, especially as Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*. Salignac also gave evidence of growth in various rôles, notably that of Count Almaviva in the same opera, which he sang the preceding year.

Andreas Dippel, who sang here in 1891, returned with a large European reputation, which he ably sustained. Since 1893 he has been one of the principal tenors at the Royal Court Opera in Vienna, where he alternated in rôles with Van Dyck. He reached his twenty-ninth performance of Siegfried this season. Although it was difficult to appear in a part associated with the idolised Alvary, who created Siegfried in New York on November 9, 1887, Mr. Dippel was more than successful. He has appeared in Bayreuth as Parisfal, and he

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Lilli Lehmann.

1899.

LEHMANN AS "ISOLDE."

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sang Siegfried twice in St. Petersburg, at the request of His Majesty the Czar; and in the Nibelungen Cycle given in London last June.

Marie Brema showed great development in her work. Her Brünnhilde surprised even her most enthusiastic admirers with its breadth and beauty, and her Brangäne, which was excellent when she first sang it here in 1895, has gained in every respect. She was also very dramatic in the part of Fidès in *Le Prophète,*

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MAUREL AS "DON GIOVANNI."

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the rôle that Viardot-Garcia has made so difficult for every successor. We regret that we did not have the opportunity of hearing her in the title-rôle of Gluck's Orpheus (one of her best parts), which was announced early in the season.

Mme. Nordica gained, as usual, new honours. She has now an immense *répertoire,* and is able to sing rôles of widely different character. Her Isolde and Brünnhilde stood the test of contrast with Mme. Lehmann's magnificent portrayal of these favourite Wagnerian heroines, and her Donna Anna was also a fine piece of work. Mme. Nordica sang Suleika in the one performance of *L'Africaine;* and Aïda.

Mme. Eames appeared frequently and with marked success. Sieglinde, which she sang for the first time, proved to be one of her best Wagnerian parts. She also delighted her admirers with Elsa, Marguerite in *Faust,* and the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro.* She created the part of Ero in Mancinelli's opera.

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DAVID BISPHAM.

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Pol Plançon was impressive as the High Priest in *Ero e Leandro*. He was excellent as Jupiter in *Philémon et Baucis* and as Mephistopheles in *Faust*. We regret very much that we did not see him again in the title-rôle of Boïto's superb *Mefistofele*, which shows M. Plançon absolutely at his best.

On the occasion that Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio was called upon to play Donna Elvira at a few hours' notice, she sang with such lyrical taste and respect for the Mozart traditions that we can only regret she is not a permanent member of the company.

Mme. Melba and Miss Zélie de Lussan made a few appearances.

We must remember Mlle. Bauermeister, whose reliable work (which is always in constant demand) generally passes unnoticed, but which is always admirable. Mlle. Bauermeister has been singing for so many seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House that she has become one of its pillars; nor must we neglect to mention Signor Carbone's delicious im-

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EMMA EAMES AS "ELSA."

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personations of Dr. Bartolo and Massetto.

Jean and Édouard de Reszké again demonstrated their unrivalled powers. Jean de Reszké appeared for the first time as Siegfried of *Die Götterdämmerung,* which he sang in London; and again proved that his Tristan is without a peer. Of course, his lyric rôles, such as Faust, Roméo, and Raoul in *Les Huguenots,* were long ago perfectly finished performances. Édouard de Reszké gave us for the first time his conception of Don Basilio in Rossini's *Barber of Seville,* which was a revelation, especially after the memory of the singer who last attempted it a year ago. The Leporello of this most accomplished and versatile artist always gives delight and continues one of the greatest of all his great achievements. He also appeared in many of his familiar characters.

In addition to her world-renowned Isolde and Brünnhilde, Lilli Lehmann sang Fricka, at short notice, Sieglinde, Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni,* Bertha in

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MARIE BREMA.

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Le Prophète, and Valentine in *Les Huguenots,* showing in everything she attempted her great command over her art. Unfortunately, illness cancelled many of her intended appearances.

M. Maurel was suffering also during most of the time he was with us, and he fell a victim to the severities of the winter. He appeared as Valentine in *Faust,* Comte de Nevers in *Les Huguenots,* Nelusk in *L'Africaine,* and in *Don Giovanni.* His rendering of the latter character is more authoritative, dignified and distinguished than ever.

With regard to this marvellous artist Mme. Lehmann-Kalisch has declared that one must really be an artist to comprehend such a giant in art and to understand fully the enormous application and the successive steps passed before such a height of perfection could be attained.

We may say here that the presence of such artists as Mme. Lehmann herself, M. Maurel, Mme. Sembrich and the

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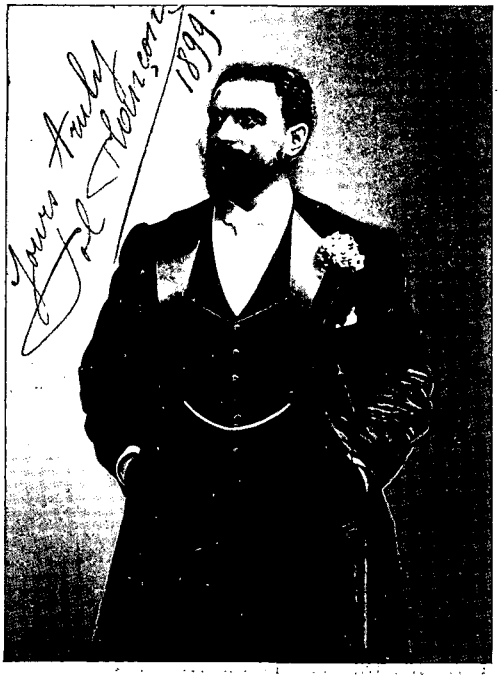
MM. de Reszké distils an almost magical influence, felt, if not always fully defined nor entirely appreciated, by every member of the company and by the public. Especially in a young country such mature and generously minded artists are needed; for it is only by the contact of such intellectual forces that this country may develop an art of its own. Let us give them that grateful and intelligent admiration which is their due; and let us emphasise the artistic moral influence, so to speak, of these great intelligences. The mere fact that they refuse invitations, dislike to be lionised, save their energies for the work they give to the public, and devote their leisure to incessant study teaches a wholesome lesson to the younger generation of Americans who are working seriously and earnestly.

Successful from every point of view was the opera season of 1898-99; and New York is to be congratulated on having Mr. Grau at the head of this enterprise, for, as has been demonstrated, he will give the public what it wants. We shall have our exotic Italian singers, our Wagner *à la Bayreuth,* and our French opera,



POL PLANCON.

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ALBERT SALÉZA.

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as well as an arena for the American singers (and there are many in the company), to display their abilities when worthy. Most of the artists described here will return next season, and there is some talk of a Mozart Cycle. Let us hope that Mr. Grau will give us *The Magic Flute* and other Mozart works with the same care that they lately received in Munich under Herr von Possart and in Carlsruhe under Mottl. We will be content, however, with a repetition of the *Don Giovanni* of January 3. We should also like some of Gluck's works, Verdi's *Falstaff* and *Otello,* a special performance of *Aïda,* and a revival of some of the old operas, like *Don Pasquale, La Sonnambula, Semiramide,* etc., which would be new to this generation. Some of these were promised at the beginning of the season.

Esther Singleton.

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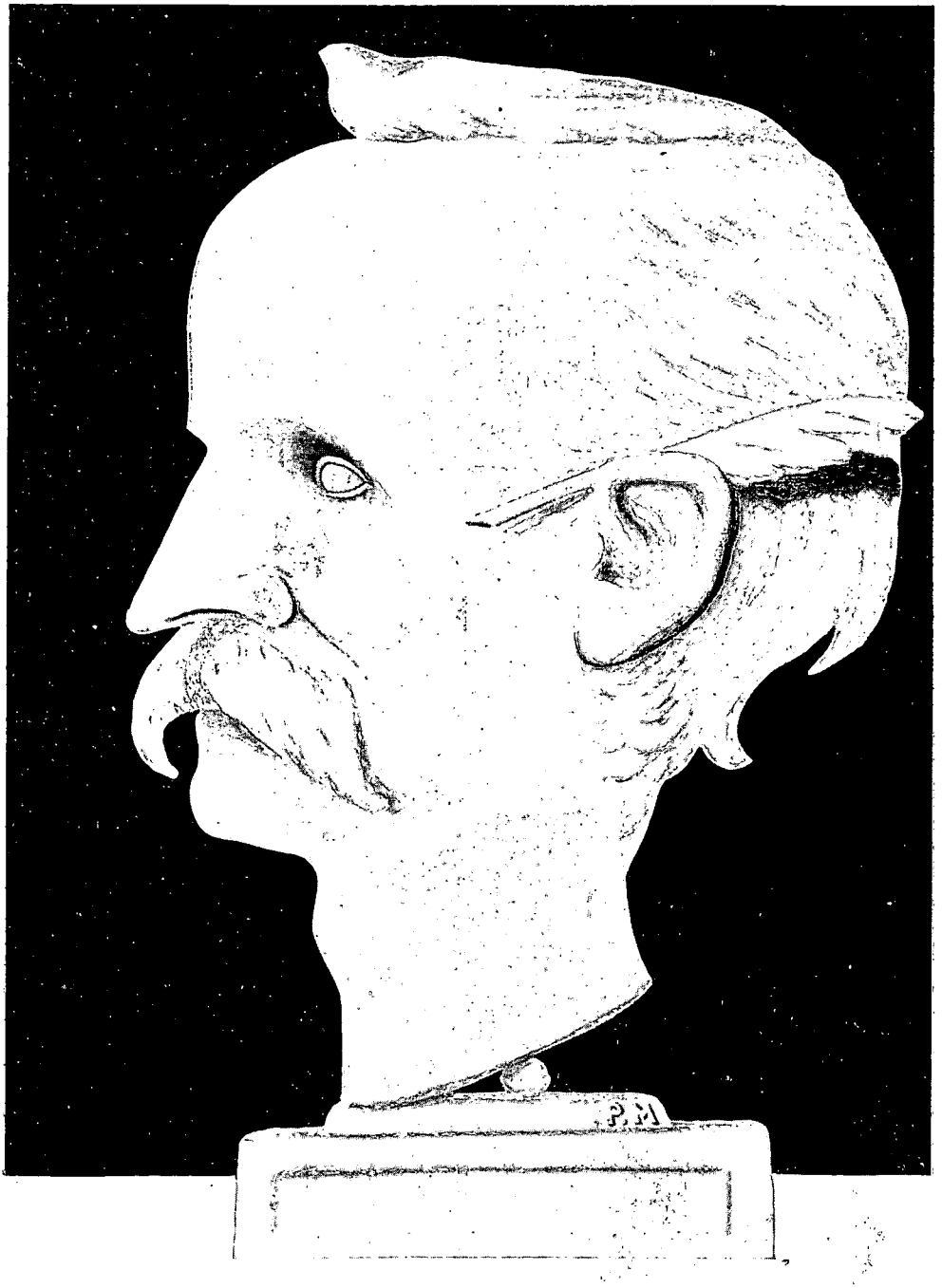

THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY SCULPTURE GALLERY. NO. III.—THE LITTLE MINISTER.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

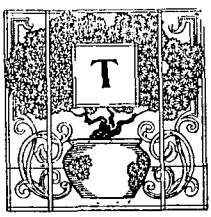
A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

IX.

A VARIETY OF CONTRACTS.



HE spring thaw set in in earnest the day after the squire's return to Greenwood, and housed the family for several days. No sooner, however, did the roads become something better than troughs of mud than the would-be Assemblyman set actively to work for his canvass of the county, daily riding forth to make personal calls on the free and enlightened electors, in accordance with the still universal British custom of personal solicitation. What he saw and heard did not tend to improve his temper, for the news that the Parliament was about to vote an extension to the whole country to the punitive measures hitherto directed against Massachusetts had lighted a flame from one end of the land to the other. The last election had been with difficulty carried by the squire, and now the prospect was far more gloomy.

When a realising sense of the conditions had duly dawned on the not over-quick mind of the master of Greenwood, he put pride in his pocket and himself astride of Joggles, and rode of an afternoon to Boxley, as the Hennions' place was named. Without allusion to their last interview, he announced to the senior of the house that he wished to talk over the election.

"He, he, he!" snickered Hennion. "Kinder gettin' anxious, heigh? I calkerlated yer'd find things sorter pukish."

"Tush!" retorted Meredith, making a good pretence of confidence. "'Tis mostly wind one hears, and 'twill be another matter at the poll. I rid over to say that tho' we may not agree in private matters, 'tis the business of the gentry to make head together against this madness."

"I see," snarled Hennion. "My boy ain't good enuf fer yer gal, but my votes is a different story, heigh?"

"Votes for votes is my rule," rejoined the squire. "The old arrangement, say I. My tenants vote for you, and yours for me."

"Waal, this year theer's ter be a differ," chuckled Hennion. "I've agreed ter give my doubles ter Joe, an' he's ter give hisn ter me."

"Joe! What Joe?"

"Joe Bagby."

"What!" roared the squire. "Art mad, man? That good-for-nothing scamp run for Assembly?"

"Joe ain't no fool," asserted Hennion. "An' tho' his edication and grammer ain't up ter yours an' mine, squire, he thinks so like the way folks ere just naow a-thinkin' thet it looks ter me as if he wud be put in."

"The country is going to the devil!" groaned Mr. Meredith. "And ye'll throw your doubles for that worthless——"

"I allus throw my doubles fer the man as kin throw the most doubles fer me," remarked Hennion. "An' I ain't by no means sartin haow many doubles yer kin split this year."

"Pox me, the usual number!"

"Do yer leaseholds all pay theer rents?"

"Some have dropped behind, but as soon as there's law in the land again they'll come to the rightabout."

"Exactly," sniggered Hennion. "Ez soon ez theer's law. But when's thet 'ere goin' ter be? Mark me, the tenants who dare refuse ter pay theer rent, dare vote agin theer landlord. An' ez Joe Bagby says he'll do his durndest ter keep the courts closed, I guess the delinquents will think he's theer candidate. Every man ez owes yer money, squire, will vote agin yer, come election day."

"And ye'll join hands with these thieves and vote with Bagby in Assembly?"

"Guess I mought do wus. But if thet 'ere's displeasin' ter yer, jest blame yerself for't."

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"How reason ye that, man?"

"Cuz I had it arranged that I wuz ter side in with the king, and Phil wuz ter side in with the hotheads. But yer gal hez mixed Phil all up, so he's turned right over an' talks ez ef he wuz Lord North or the Duke of Bedford. Consumaquently, sence I don't see no good of takin' risks, I hed to swing about an' jine the young blood."

What the squire said in reply, and continued to say until he had made his exit from the Hennion house, is far better omitted. In his wrath he addressed a monologue to his horse, long after he had passed through the gate of Boxley; until, in fact, he met Phil, to whom, as a better object for them than Joggles, the squire at once transferred his vituperations.

Instead of going on in his original direction, Philemon turned his horse and rode along with the squire, taking the rating in absolute silence. Only when Mr. Meredith had expressed and re-expressed all that was in him to say did the young fellow give evidence that his dumbness proceeded from policy.

"Seems ter me, squire," he finally suggested, "like you're layin' up agin me what don't suit you 'bout dad. I've dun my bestest ter do what you and Miss Janice set store by, an' it duz seem ter me anythin' but fairsome ter have a down on me, just because of dad. 'Tain't my fault I've got him for a father; I hadn't nothin' ter do with it, an' if you have any one ter pick a quarrel with, it must be with God Almighty, who fixed things as they is. I quit drillin'; I've spoke agin the Congress; an' there ain't nuthin' else I wudn't do ter get Miss Janice."

"Go to the devil, then," advised the squire. "No son of——" Then the squire paused momentarily, and after a brief silence ejaculated "Eh!" After another short intermission he laughed aloud, as if pleased at something which had occurred to him. "Why, Phil, my boy," he cried, slapping his own thigh, "we'll put a great game up on thy dad. We'll show him he's not the only fox hereabout."

"And what ere's that?"

"What say ye to being my double in the poll, lad?"

"Run agin father?" ejaculated Phil.

"Ay. We'll teach him to what trimming and time-serving come. And be damned to him!"

"That ere's all very well for you," responded Hennion, "but he hain't got the whip hand of you like he has of me. He wudn't stand my——"

"He'd have to," gleefully interrupted the squire. "Join hands with me, lad, and I'll fix it so ye can snap your fingers at him."

"But——" began Phil.

"But," broke in the squire. "Nonsense! No but, lad. Butter—aye, and cream it shall be. Let him turn ye off. There's a home at Greenwood for ye, if he does—and something better than that, too. Sixteen, ye dog! Sweet sixteen, rosy sixteen, bashful sixteen, glowing sixteen, run-away-and-want-to-be-found sixteen!"

"She don't seem ter want me ter find her," sighed Phil.

"Fooh!" jeered the father. "There's only two kinds of maids, as ye'd know if ye'd been out in the world as I have—those that want a husband and those that don't. But six months married, and ye can't pick the one from t'other, try ye best. There's nothing brings a girl to the round-about so quick as having to do what she don't want. They are born contrary and skittish, and they can't help shying at fences and gates, but give 'em the spur and the whip, and over they go, as happy as a lark. And I say so, Janice will marry ye, and mark my word, come a month she'll be complaining that ye don't fondle her enough."

Mr. Meredith's pictorial powers, far more than his philosophy, were too much for Philemon to resist. He held out his hand, saying, "'Tis a bargain, squire; an' I'll set to on a canvass to-day."

"Well said," responded the elder, heartily. "And that's not all, Phil, that ye shall get from it. I've a tidy lot of money loaned to merchants in New York, and I'll get it from them, and ye shall buy the mortgages on thy father's lands. Who'll have the whip hand then, eh? Oh! we'll smoke the old fox before we've done with him. His brush shall be well singed."

The compact thus concluded to their common satisfaction the twain separated, and the squire rode the remaining eight miles in that agreeable state of enjoyment which comes from the sense of triumphing over enemies. His very stride as he stamped through the hall and into the parlour had in it the suggestion that he was planting his heel on some foe, and it was with evident elation that he said:

"Well, lass, I've a husband for ye, so get thy lips and blushes ready for him, against to-morrow!"

"Oh, dadda, no!" cried the girl, ceasing her spinet practice.

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"Oh, yes! And no obstinacy, mind. Phil's a good enough lad for any girl. Where's thy mother that I may tell her?"

"She's in the attic, getting out some whole cloth," answered the girl, and as her father left the room, she leaned forward and rested her burning cheek on the veneer of the spinet for an instant as if to cool it. But the colour deepened rather than lessened, and a moment later she rose, with her lips pressed into a straight line, and her eyes shining very brightly. "I'll not marry the gawk. No! And if they insist I'll——" Then she paused.

"How did Janice take it?" asked Mrs. Meredith, when the squire had broke his news to her.

"Coltishly," responded the father, "but no blubbering this time. The filly's getting used to the idea of a bit, and will go steady from now on. All of which went to show how little the squire understood the nature of women, for the lack of tears should have been the most alarming fact in his daughter's conduct.

When Phil duly put in an appearance on the following day, he was first interviewed by what Janice would have called the attorney for the prosecution, who took him to his office, and insisted, much to the lover's disgust, in hearing what he had done politically. Finally, however, this all-engrossing subject to the office-seeker was, along with Philemon's patience, exhausted, and the squire told his fellow-candidate that the object of his desires could now be seen.

"The lass jumped to her feet as ye rid up, and said she'd some garden matters to tend, so there's the spot to seek her." Then the father continued, "Don't shilly-shally with her, whate'er ye do, unless ye are minded to have balking and kicking for the rest of thy days. I took Matilda—Mrs. Meredith—by surprise once, and before she knew I was there I had her in my arms. And egad! I never let her go, plead her best, till she gave me one of my kisses back. She began to take notice from that day. 'Tis the way of women."

Thus stimulated, Phil entered the garden, prepared to perform most valiant deeds. Unfortunately for him, however, the bondsman had been summoned by Janice to do the digging, and his presence materially altered the situation, and necessitated only a formal greeting.

Having given some directions to Charles for continuation of the work, Janice walked to another part of the garden, apparently quite heedless of Philemon. Her swain of course followed, and the moment they were well out of hearing of the servant, Janice turned upon him and demanded:

"Art thou gentleman enough to keep thy word?"

"I hope as how I am, Miss Janice," stuttered Phil, very much taken aback.

"Wilt give me your promise if I tell you something to repeat it to no one?"

"Certain, Miss Janice, I'll tell nothin' you don't want folks ter know."

"Even dadda and mommy?"

"Cross my heart."

"You see that man over there?"

"Yer mean Charles?"

"Yes. He is desperately in love with me," announced the girl.

"Living jingo! He's been a troublin' you?"

"No. He loves me too much to persecute me, and, besides, he's a gentleman."

"Now, Miss Janice, yer know as how I——"

"Am trying to marry me against my will."

"But the squire says you'll be gladsome enough a month gone; that——"

"Ugh!"

"Now please don't——"

"And what I am going to tell you and what you've given your word not to repeat is this: If you persist in trying to marry me, if you so much as try to—to—to be familiar, that moment I'll run off with him—there!"

"You never would!"

"In an instant."

"You'd take a bondsman rather than me?"

The girl coloured, but replied "Yes."

"I'll teach him ter have done with his cutty-eyed tricks," roared Phil, doubling up his fists, and turning, "I'll——"

"Mr. Hennion!" exclaimed the girl, her cheeks gone very white. "You gave me your word that——"

"I never gave no word 'bout not threshing the lick."

"Most certainly you did, for you—you would have to tell him before—and if you do that, I'll——"

"But, Miss Janice. You mustn't disgrace—Damn him! Then Bagby wasn't lyin' when he told me how there'd been talk at the tavern of his bundlin' with you."

For a moment Janice stood speechless, everything about her suggesting the shame she was enduring. "He—he never said that!" she panted more than spoke, as if she had ceased to breathe.

"I told Bagby if he said thet he was lyin'; but after——"

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"Mr. Hennion, do you intend to insult me as well!"

"No, no, Miss Janice. I don't believe it. 'Twas a lie for certain, and I'm ashamed ter have spoke of it."

With unshed tears of mortification in her eyes Janice turned to go, every other ill forgotten in this last grief.

"Miss Janice," called Phil. "You can't go without——"

The girl faced about. "You men are all alike," she cried, interrupting. "You tease, and worry, and torture a girl you pretend to care for, till 'tis past endurance. I hate you, and before I'll——"

"Now, Miss Janice. Say you'll not run off with him. I'll—I'll try ter do as you ask, if only you——"

"So long as you—as you don't—don't bother me, I won't," promised Janice, "but the instant——"

And leaving the sentence thus broken, the girl left Philemon, and fled to her room.

X.

IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY.

The scheme devised by Janice to keep Philemon at arm's length would hardly have succeeded for long had not the squire been so preoccupied with the election and with the now active farm work that he paid little heed to the course of true love. Poor Phil was teased by him now and again for his "offishness," but Janice carefully managed that their interviews were not held in the presence of her parents, and so the elders did not come to a realising sense of the condition, but really believed that the courtship was advancing with due progress to the port of matrimony.

Though this was a respite to Janice, she herself knew that it was at best the most temporary of expedients, and that the immediate press of affairs once over, her marriage with Philemon was sure to be pushed to a conclusion. Already her mother's discussions of clothes, of linen, and of furniture were constant reminders of its imminence, and the mere fact that the servants of Greenwood and the neighbourhood accepted the matter as settled, made allusions to it too frequent for Janice not to feel that her bondage was inevitable. A dozen times a day the girl would catch her breath or pale or flush over the prospect before her, frightened, as the bird in the net, not so much by the present situation as by what the future was certain to bring to pass.

A still more serious matter was further to engross her parents' thoughts. One evening late in April, as the squire sat on the front porch resting from his day's labour, Charles, who had been sent to the village on some errand, came cantering up the road, and drew rein opposite.

"Have better care how ye ride that filly, sir," said the squire sharply. "I'll not have her wind broke by hard riding."

"I know enough of horses to do her no harm," answered the man, dismounting easily and gracefully, "and if I rode a bit quick, 'tis because I've news that needs wings."

"What's to do?" demanded the master, laying down the *Rivington's Royal Gazette* he had been reading.

"As I was buying the nails," replied the servant, speaking with obvious excitement, "Mr. Bissel rode up to the tavern with a letter from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety to the southward; and as 'twas of some moment, while he baited, I took a copy of it." The groom held out a paper, his hand shaking a little in his excitement, and with an eager look on his face, he watched the squire read the following:

"Water Town Wednesday Morning near 11 of Clock.

To all friends of american liberty, be it known, that this morning before break of day, a Brigade, consisting of about 1,000 or 1,200 Men, landed at Phipp's Farm at Cambridge and marched to Lexington, where they found a Company of our Militia in Arms, upon whom they fired without any provocation and killed 6 Men & wounded 4 others—By an express from Boston we find another Brigade are now upon their March from Boston, supposed to be about 1,000—The bearer Israel Bissel is charged to alarm the Country quite to Connecticut; and all Persons are desired to furnish him with fresh Horses, as they may be needed—I have spoken with several, who have seen the dead & wounded.

J. Palmer one of the Committee of safety

Forwarded from Worcester April 19, 1775.

Brooklyn—Thursday	11 o Clock
Norwich	4 o Clock
New London	7 o Clock
Lynne—Friday Morning	1 o Clock
Say Brook	4 o Clock
Shillingsworth	7 o Clock
E. Gillford	8 o Clock
Guilford	10 o Clock
Bradford	12 o Clock
New Haven—April 21	

Recd & fowarded on certain Intelligence

Fairfield April 22d	8 o Clock
New York Committee Chamber 23d April 1775 P. M.	4 o Clock

Recd the within Act by Express, forwd by

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Express to N Brunswick with directions to stop at Elizabeth Town & acquaint the Committee there with the foregoing particulars by order

J. S. Low, Chairman."

"Huh!" grunted the squire. "I said the day would come when British regulars would teach the scamps a lesson. The rapscallions got their bellyful, no doubt; 'tis to be hoped that it will bring law and quiet once again in the land."

"'Twill more likely be the match that fires the mine. You've little idea, Mr. Meredith, how strong and universal the feeling is against Great Britain."

"'Tis not as strong as British bayonets, that ye may tie to, fellow."

The servant shook his head doubtfully. "'Twill take a long sword to reach this far, and Gage is not the man to handle it."

"Odds life! What know ye of Gage?" swore the squire. "If every covenant man doesn't think himself the better of a major-general or a magistrate!"

"Had you ever made the voyage from England you'd appreciate the difficulties. 'Tis as big a military folly to suppose that if America holds together she can be conquered by bayonets as 'tis to suppose that she'll allow a rotten Parliament, three thousand miles away, to rule her."

"Have done with such talk! What does a rogue like you know of Parliament, except that it passes the laws ye run from? 'Tis the like of you—debtors, runaways, and such trash—that is making all this trouble."

The servant laughed ironically. "Fools do more harm in the world than knaves."

"What mean ye by that?" demanded the squire hotly.

"'Tis as reasonable to hold the American cause bad because a few bad men take advantage of it as 'tis to blame the flock of sheep for giving the one wolf his covering. What the Whigs demand is only what the English themselves fought for under Pym and Hampden, and to-day, if the words 'Great Britain' were but inserted in the acts of Parliament of which America complains there'd be one rebellion from Land's End to Duncansby Head."

"Didst not hear my order to cease such talk?" fumed the squire. "Go to the stable, where ye belong, fellow!"

The man coloured and bit his lip in a manifest attempt to keep his temper, but he did not move, saying instead, "Mr. Meredith, wilt please tell me what you paid for my bond?"

"Why ask ye that?"

"If I could pay you the amount—and something over—wouldst be willing to release me from the covenant?"

"And why should I?" demanded the squire.

The servant hesitated, and then said, in a low voice: "As a gentleman, you must have seen I'm no groom—and think how it must gall me to serve as one."

"Thou shouldst have thought of that before thou indentured, rather——"

"I know," burst out the man, "but I was crazed—was wild with—with a grief that had come to me, and knew not what I was doing."

"Fudge! No romantics. Every redemptioner would have it he is a gentleman, when he's only caught the trick by waiting on them."

"But if I buy my time you——"

"How'd come ye by the money?"

"I—I think I could get the amount."

"Ay. I doubt not ye know how money's to be got by hook or by crook! And no doubt ye want your freedom to drill more rebels to the king. Ye'll not get it from me, so there's an end on't." With which the squire rose, and stamped into the hall and then to his office.

Charles stood for a moment looking at the ground, and then raised his head so quickly that Janice, who had joined the two during the foregoing dialogue and whose eyes were upon him, had not time to look away. "Can't you persuade him to let me go, Miss Janice?" he asked appealingly.

"Why do you want your freedom?" questioned Janice, letting dignity surrender to curiosity.

"I want to get away from here. To get to a place where there's a chance for a quicker death than eating one's heart by inches."

"How beautifully he talks," thought Janice.

"Nor will I bide here to see—to see——" went on the bondsman excitedly, "I must run, or I shall end by—— 'Twill be better to let me go before I turn mad."

"'Tis as good as a romance," was Janice's mental opinion. "How I wish Tibbie was here."

"'Tis no doubt a joke to you—oh! you need not have avoided me as you've done lately to show me that I was beneath you. I knew it without that. But who is this put you are going to marry?"

"Mr. Hennion is of good family," answered Janice with spirit.

"Good family!" laughed the man bitterly. "No doubt he is. Think you Phil Hennion is less the clout because he has a pedigree? There

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are hogs in Yorkshire can show better genealogies than royalty."

"'Tis quite in keeping that a bond-servant should think little of blood," retorted Janice, made angry by his open contempt.

"Blood! Yes, I despise it, and so would you if you knew it as I do," exclaimed Charles hotly, cutting the air with his whip. "*That*, for all the blood in the world, unless there be honour with it," he said.

"The fox didn't want the grapes," retorted the girl.

"'Tis no case of sour grapes, as you'd know if I told you my story."

"Oh! I should monstrously like to hear it," eagerly ejaculated Janice.

The man dropped the bridle, and came to the porch. "I swore it should die with me, but there's one woman in the world to whom——" he began, and then checked himself as a figure came into view on the lawn out of the growing darkness. "Who's there?" Charles demanded.

"It's me—Joe Bagby," was the answer as that individual came forward. "Is the squire to home, miss?" he asked, and, receiving the reply that he was in his office, Joe volunteered the information that a wish to talk with the lord of Greenwood about the election was the motive of his call. "I want to see if we can't fix things between us."

Scarcely had he spoken when there was a sudden rush of men, who seemed to appear from nowhere, and at the same instant Joe gave a shove to the bond-servant, which, being entirely unexpected, sent him sprawling on the grass, where he was pinioned by two of the party.

"Keep your mouth shut, or I'll have to choke you," said Bagby to Janice, as she opened her mouth to scream. "Two of you stand by her and keep her quiet. Sharp now, fellows, he's in his office. Have him out, and some of you start a fire, quick."

The orders were obeyed with celerity, and as some rushed into the hall and dragged forth the squire, struggling, the scene was lighted by the blazing up of a bunch of hay, which had appeared as if by magic, and on which sticks of wood were quickly burning. Over the fire a pot, swung on a stick upheld by two men, was placed, telling a story of intention only too obvious.

"There's ain't no sort of use cussing like that, squire," said Bagby. "We've got a thing or two to say, an' if you won't listen to it quiet, why we'll fill your mouth with a lump of tar, to give you something to chew on while we say it. Cussin' won't prevent our giving you a bishop's coat; so if you don't want it, have done, an' listen to what we have to propose."

"Well?" demanded the squire.

"We've stood your conduct just as long as it was possible, squire," went on Bagby, "an' been forbearin', hopin' you'd mend your ways. But it's no use, an' so we've come up this evenin' to give you a last chance to put yourself right, for we're a peace-lovin', law-abidin' lot, an' don't want to use nothin' but moral suasion, as the parson puts it, unless you make us."

"That's it. Give it to him, Joe," said some one, approvingly.

"Now that the reg'lars of old Guelph have begun slaughterin' the sons of liberty, we have decided to put an end to snakes in the grass, an' so you can come to the face-about, or you can have a coat of tar, an' a ride on a rail out of the county. An' what's more, when you're once out, you're to stay out, mind. Which is your choice?"

"What do you want me to do?" demanded the squire, sullenly.

"First off we're tired of your brag that tea's drunk on your table. You're to give us all you've got, and you're not to get any new, whether 'tis East India or smuggled."

"I agree to that."

"Secondly," went on Bagby, in a sing-song voice, much as if he was reading a series of resolutions, "you're to sign the Congress Association, an' live up to it."

The squire looked to right and left, as if considering some outlet, but there were men all about him, and after a pause he merely nodded his head.

"You're gettin' mighty reasonable, squire," remarked Bagby with a grin. "Lastly, we don't want to be represented in Assembly by such a king's man, an' so you're to decline a poll."

"If the electors don't want me, let them say so at the election."

"Some of your tenants are 'feared to vote against you, an' we intend that this election shall be unanimous for the friends of liberty. Will you decline a poll?"

"Now damn me if——" began the squire.

"Come, come, squire," interrupted an elderly man. "Yer've stud no chance of election from the fust, so what's the use of sticking."

"I wash my hands of ye," roared the squire. "Have whom ye want for what ye want. I've done with serving a lot of ingrates. Ye can

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come to me in the future on your knees, but ye'll not get me to——"

"That's just what we wants," broke in Joe. "If you'd always been so open to public opinion, we'd have had no cause for complaint against you. An' now, squire, since a united land is what we wants, while your daughter gets the tea and a pen to sign the Association, do the thing up handsome by singin' us the liberty song."

"Burn me if I will," cried the owner of Greenwood, like many another yielding big points without much to-do, but obstinate over the small ones.

"Is that tar about melted?" inquired Bagby.

"Jest the right consistency, Joe," responded one of the pole holders.

"Better sing it, squire," advised Bagby. "We know you're not much at song, but the sentiments is what we like."

Once again the beset man looked to right and left, rage and mortification united. Then, with a remark below his breath, he sang in a very tuneless bass, that wandered at will between flat and sharp, with not a little falsetto:

"Come join Hand in Hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold Hearts at fair Liberty's Call;
No tyrannous Acts shall suppress your just Claim
Or stain with Dishonour America's Name—
In Freedom we're born and in Freedom we'll live.
Our Purses are ready—
Steady, Friends, Steady—
Not as Slaves, but as Freemen our Money we'll give."

"That's enough!" remarked the ringleader. "Now, Watson, let the squire sign that broadside. Take the pot off, boys, and dump the tea on the fire. Good-evenin', squire, an' sweet dreams to you; I hope 'twill be long afore you make us walk eight miles again. Fall in, Invincibles. You've struck your first blow for freedom."

For a moment the steady tramp of the departing men was all that broke the stillness of the night; but as they marched they fell into song and there came drifting back to the trio standing silent about the porch the air of "Hearts of Oak," and the words:

"Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
To be free is to live, to be slaves is to fall;
Has the land such a dastard, as scorns not a lord,
Who dreads not a fetter much more than a sword?
In freedom we're born, and, like sons of the brave,
We'll never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save."

XI.

FIGUREHEADS AND LEADERS.

The squire's mood in the next few days was anything but genial, and his family, his servants, his farm hands, his tenants, and in fact all whom he encountered, received a share of his spleen.

His ill-nature was not a little increased by hearing indirectly, through his overseer, that it was the elder Hennion who had schemed the surprise party, and in revenge Mr. Meredith set about the scheme, already hinted at, of buying assignments of the mortgages on Boxley. For this purpose he announced his intention of journeying to New York, and ordered Philemon to be his travelling companion that he might have the advantage of his knowledge of the holders of the elder Hennion's bonds. The would-be son-in-law at first objected to being made a cat's-paw, but the squire was obstinate, and, after a night upon it, Phil acceded. No other difficulty was found in the attainment of Mr. Meredith's purpose, the money-lenders in New York being only too glad, in the growing insecurity and general suspension of law, to turn their investments into cash. It was a task of some weeks to gather them all in, but it was one of the keenest enjoyment to the squire, who each evening, over his mulled wine in the King's Arms Tavern, pictured and repictured the moment of triumph, when, with the growing bundle of mortgages completed, he should ride to Boxley and inform its occupant that he wished them paid.

"We'll show the old fox that he's got a ferret, not a goose, to deal with," he said a dozen times to Phil—a speech which always made the latter look very uneasy, as if his conscience were pricking.

This absence of father and lover gave Janice a really restful breathing space, and it was the least eventful time the girl had known since the advent of the bondsman nearly a year before. Even he almost dropped out of the girl's life, for the farm work was now at its highest point of activity, and he was little about house or stable. Furthermore, though twenty thousand minutemen and volunteers were gathered before Boston, though the thirteen colonies were aflame with war preparations, and though the Continental Congress was voting a declaration on taking up arms

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and appointing a general, nothing but rumours of all this reached Greenwood.

In Brunswick, however, Dame Rumour was more precise, and one afternoon as the bondsman rode into the town, with some horses that needed shoeing, he was hailed by the tavern-keeper.

"Say! Folks tells that yer know how tew paint a bit?" And, when Charles nodded, he continued: "Waal, we've got word that the Congress has appointed a feller named George Washington for ginral, who's goin' tew come through here tu-morrer on his way tew Boston, an' I want tew git that ere name painted out and his'n put in its place. Are yer up tew it, and what ud the job tax me?" As the publican spoke he pointed at the lettering below the weather-beaten portrait of George the Third, which served as the signboard of the tavern.

"Get me some colors, and bide till I leave these horses at the smith's, and I'll do it for nothing," said Charles, smiling; and ten minutes later, sitting on a barrel set in a cart, he was doing his share toward the obliteration of kinghood and the substitution of a comparatively unknown hero.

"'Tis good luck that they both is called George," remarked the tavern-keeper; "fer yer've only got tew paint out the 'King' an' put in a 'Gen.' in the first part, which saves trouble right tew begin on."

Charles smilingly adopted the suggestion, and then measured off "the III." "'Tis a long name to get into such space," he said.

"Scant it is," assented the publican. "I'll tell yer what. Jist leave the 'the' an' paint in 'good' after it. That'll make it read slick." Pleased with this solution of the difficulty, the hotel-keeper retired to the "public," with a parting invitation to the painter to drink something for his trouble.

While Charles was doing the additional work, he was interrupted by a roar of laughter, and, turning about on his barrel, he found a group of horsemen, who had come across the green and drawn rein just behind him, looking at the newly lettered sign. From the one of the three who rode first came the burst of laughter—a man of medium size and thinly built, perhaps fifty years of age, with a nose so out of proportion to his face, in its size and heaviness, that it came near enough to caricature to practically submerge all his other features. The second man was evidently trying not to smile, and as Charles glanced at him, he found him looking at the third of the trio, as if to ascertain his mood. This last, a man of extreme tallness, and in appearance by far the youngest of the group—for he looked not over thirty at most—was scrutinising the signboard gravely, but his eyes had a gleam of merriment in them, which neutralised the set firmness of the mouth. All the party were in uniform, save for a couple of servants in livery, and all were well mounted.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the noisy one. "Pray God mine host be not as chary with his spit as he is with his paint or 'twill be lean entertainment."

"I said 'twas best to make a push for't to Amboy," remarked the second.

"Nay, gentlemen," responded the third, smiling pleasantly. "A man so prudent and economical must keep a good ordinary. Better bide here for dinner and kill a warm afternoon, and then push on to Amboy, in the cool of the evening, with rested cattle."

"Within there!" shouted the noisy rider, "hast dinner and bait for a dozen travellers?"

The call brought the publican to the door, and at first he gasped a startled "By Jingo!" Then he jerked his cap off, and ducked very low, saying: "'Twas said, yer—yer—lordship, that yer'd not come till the morrow. But if yer'll honour my tavern, yer shall have the bestest in the house." He kept bowing between every word to the man with the big nose.

"Then here we tarry for dinner," said the young-looking man, gracefully swinging himself out of the saddle, a proceeding imitated by all the riders. "Take good heed of the horses, Bill," he said, as a coloured servant came forward. "Wash Blueskin's nose and let him cool somewhat before watering him." He turned toward the door of the tavern, and this bringing Charles into vision again, he looked up at the painter to find himself being studied with so intent a gaze that he halted and returned the man's stare.

"Art struck of a heap by the resemblance?" demanded the noisy officer.

"Go in, gentlemen," replied the tall officer. "Well, my man," he continued to Charles, "ye change figureheads easily."

"Ay, 'tis easier to get new figureheads than 'tis to be true to old ones."

A grave, almost stern look came into the officer's face, making it at once that of an older man. "Then ye think the old order best?" he asked, scanning the man with his steady blue eyes.

The bondsman put his hand on the signboard. "'Tis safest to stick to an old figure-

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head until one can find a true leader," he answered.

"And think you he is one?" demanded the officer, pointing at the signboard.

Charles laughed and laid a finger on the chin of royalty. "No man with so little of that was ever a leader," he asserted. He reached down and picked up a different pot of paint from the one he had been using, dipped his brush in it, and with one sweep over the lower part of the face cleverly produced a chin of character. Then he took another colour and gave three or four deft touches to the lips, transforming the expressionless mouth into a larger one, but giving to it both strength and expression. "There is a beginning of a leader, I think," he said.

"Thou art quick with thy brush and quick with thy eyes," replied the man, smiling slightly and starting to go. In the doorway he turned and said, with a sudden gravity, quite as much to himself as to the bondsman: "Please God that ye be as true in opinion."

Left alone, the bondsman once more took his brush and broadened and strengthened the nose and forehead. Just as he had completed these, the tavern-keeper came bustling out of the door. "Wilt seek Joe Bagby an' tell him tew git the Invincibles together?" he cried. "He intended tew review 'em tu-morrer fer the ginral, and their lordships says they'll see them go through—— Why, strap me, man, what hast thou been at?"

"I've been making it a better portrait of the general than it ever was of the king."

"But ye've drawn the wrong man!" exclaimed the publican. "That quiet young man is not he. 'Tis the heavy-nosed man is his Excellency."

"Nonsense!" retorted the bondsman. "That loud-voiced fellow is Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, a half-pay officer. Many and many's the time I've seen him—and if I hadn't, I'd have known the other for the general in a hundred."

"I tell yer ye're wrong," moaned the hotel-keeper. "Any one can see he's a general, and 'tis he gives all the orders for victuals and grog."

Charles laughed as he descended from the barrel and the cart. "'Tis ever the worst wheel in the cart which makes the most noise," he said, and walked away.

Two hours later the Invincibles were bunched upon the green. As the diners issued from the inn, Bagby gave an order. With some slight confusion the company fell in, and two more orders brought their guns to "present arms."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lee. "Here are some yokels who for once don't hold their guns as if they were hoes."

Joe, fairly swelling with the pride of the moment, came strutting forward. When he was within ten feet of the officers he took off his hat and bowed very low. "The Invincibles is ready to be put through their paces, your honour," he announced.

"Damme!" sneered Lee below his breath. "Here's a mohair in command who doesn't so much as know the salute."

The tall officer, despite his six feet and three inches of height, swung himself lightly into the saddle without using a stirrup, and rode forward.

"Proceed with the review, sir," he said to Joe.

"Yes, sir—that is, I mean—your honour," replied Joe; and, turning, he roared out, "Get ready to go on, fellows. Attention! Dress!"

Instant disorder was visible in the ranks, some doing one thing, and some another, while a man stepped forward three or four steps and shouted: "Yer fergot ter git the muskets back ter the first persition, Joe."

"Get into line, durn you!" shouted Joe; "an' I'll have something to say to you later, Zerubabel Buntling."

"O Lord!" muttered Lee to the other officers, most of whom were laughing. "And they expect us to beat regulars with such!"

"Attention!" once more called Joe. "To the right face—no—I mean, shoulder firelocks fust off. Now to the left face." But by this time he was so confused that his voice sank as he spoke the last words, and so some faced right and some left; while altercations at once arose in the ranks that broke the alignment into a number of disputing groups and set the captain to swearing.

"Come," shouted one soldier, "cut it, Joe, an' let Charles take yer place. Yer only mixes us up."

The suggestion was greeted by numerous, if various, assenting opinions from the ranks, and without so much as waiting to hear Bagby's reply, Charles sprang forward. Giving the salute to the mounted officers, he wheeled about, and, with two orders, had the lines in formation, after which the manœuvres were gone through quickly and comparatively smoothly.

The reviewing officer had not laughed during the confusion, watching it with a sternly anxious face, but as the drill proceeded this look changed, and when the parade was finished, he rode forward and saluted the In-

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vincibles. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you but conduct yourselves with the same steadiness in the face of the enemy as you have this afternoon, your country will have little to ask of you and much to owe." He turned to Joe, standing shamefaced at one side, and continued: "You are to be complimented on your company, sir. 'Tis far and away the best I have seen since I left Virginia."

"An' that isn't all, your honour," replied Joe, his face brightening and his self-importance evidently restored. "We are a forehanded lot, an' we've got twenty half-barrels of powder laid in against trouble."

After a few more words with Bagby, which put a pleased smile on his face, the officer wheeled his horse. "Well, gentlemen, we'll proceed," he called to the group; and, as they were mounting, he rode to where Charles stood. "You have served?" he said.

Charles, with the old sullen look upon his face, saluted, and replied bitterly: "Yes, general, and would give an eye to be in the ranks again."

The general looked at him steadily. "If ye served in the ranks, how comes it that ye give the officer's salute?" he asked.

Charles flushed, but met the scrutinising eye to eye, as he answered: "None know it here, but I held his Majesty's commission for seven years."

"You look o'er young to have done that," said the general.

"I was made a cornet at twelve."

"How comes it that you are here?"

"My own folly," muttered the man.

"'Tis a pity thou'rt indentured, for we have crying need of trained men. But do what you can hereabout, since you are not free to join us."

"I will, general," said Charles eagerly, and, as the officer wheeled his horse, he once more saluted. Then as the travellers rode toward the bridge the bondsman walked over and looked up at his crude likeness of the general.

"You wuz right," remarked the inn-keeper. "The young-looking feller wuz General Washington."

"Ay," exclaimed the man; "and mark me, if a face goes for aught, he's general enough to beat Gage—and that——" the man paused, and then added: "that sluggard Howe. And would to God I could help in it!"

(To be continued.)

NEW LIFE, NEW ART

Our country's life leaps out with sudden start
  Forward, into the future and the unknown.
  Must not our art catch some unguessed-of tone
Rich with new life! Shall we not do our part
With every thought of mind and throb of heart
  To throne our country on the highest throne
  And win world's wonder, blazoning on our own
Imperial people in imperial art!

Our art shall be alive, alert, aglow
  With action, courage, strength, and high emprise
Tasting of ocean-spray and mountain-snow;
  Its songs shall thrill the blood like bugle-cries,
Its speech shall be as deeds, its thought shall know,
  Its vision see new centuries arise.

Curtis Hidden Page.

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MORE LAMB LETTERS*

F English writers, the best-beloved will always be Charles Lamb. His claim and his charm for those who can feel them at all are incomparable with any other man's."

Thus writes Swinburne of Elia. Each charmed reader feels that no one has discovered the sufficient explanation of the spell that is upon him, which instinctively challenges investigation and definition as to its essence. The beauty of style, the quaintness of humour, the depth of pathos, the clear vision of the essentials of rational living, and the many other delightful characteristics, do not wholly constitute or explain it; nor are they, nor will they be, the basis of Lamb's rightful fame. The very essence of his genius seems to be his love of human-kind; it is at once the explanation of his character and his career. Relatively, nothing interested him but that which regarded human-kind in association as members of society. To things, the environment of men and to the individual in isolation, he gave but slight regard. Unconsciously, the thought and judgment of the years have been founded upon this view of Lamb. In him, sweetness of soul and wide wisdom dwelt together. The wise head and the warm heart were united in a rare actual companionship, and hence came the sane views of life taught and practised, the profound humour at the follies and foibles of men, the keen and just criticism, the genuine character tested and approved by the darkest afflictions that can shadow the pathway of mortal. Deep in his heart and structural in his life, growing out of his affection for human-kind, was his love for home. So it is we never think of Charles Lamb except in hopeful, helpful association with his fellows; we never think of him as enduring "the thirty-three years of his slavery" at his solitary desk in the East India House, nor as an isolated literary worker, but as the centre of his home with his guardian angel, his Mary, together delighting over some rare folio purchased from their joint savings, or writing or aiding each other by mutual criticism and suggestion. We think of the famous Lamb weekly dinners, at which Charles, the host, was aided by his beloved sister, when she was not "away from home," as he pathetically described her enforced absences upon the recurrence of her mental disorder, anticipated by both with such certainty and mutual anguish.

"A fig for your bill of fare! Show me your bill of company," growls Swift. The company at Lamb's would have been much to the liking of the Dean. There were Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Southey, Hood, Hazlitt, Godwin, and a host of other celebrities representing widely different classes of thought and fields of labour. And this home has become the most sacred—the Home—in English literary history. About it cluster memories of suffering, sympathy, unselfishness, and self-sacrifice as about that of no other author. Yet, when sternest in its trials and richest in its blessings, it was only mere lodgings,—now in the Temple, now at the fatal house in Little Queen Street, the scene of the terrible tragedy when the mother fell dead and the father was sorely wounded by the knife in the hand of the demented daughter. And it was not until Charles and his Mary had nearly finished their pilgrimage together that they enjoyed the privilege of occupying an entire house in Colebrook Row. Their humble possessions, this brother and sister found all-sufficient to meet their needs, having their treasure not in such, but in their undying love and sympathy —so tender, that unselfishly Mary could say to her brother, "Yes, I must die first, Charles"—so complete, that throughout life we can think of them only as they are in death, together in one grave in the old churchyard in Edmonton, inseparable. One they were in heart and soul, each the guardian angel and light of life of the other. Yet such was the intensity of the love of human-kind that was at the centre of the character of Charles, and was in large measure shared by his

*Charles Lamb and the Lloyds, comprising newly discovered letters of Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Lloyds, etc. Edited by E. V. Lucas, with Portraits. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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sister, and so sane were they in their judgments based on sincerity of soul and clearness of mind, that their surpassing mutual love and dependence did not bring about a narrowing of their sympathy for others.

Lamb's character pervades his works and is their chiefest charm. No English writer, excepting possibly Ruskin, has written so much of himself, not in the autobiographical way of outward facts, but in the record of his deepest thoughts and profoundest feelings. What a delight to read his letters, what a revelation of the genuineness of his character, what bits of humour, and what criticisms they contain! In one sense it has added to their delight that they have come to us by instalments—one series is discovered, and then another, and now we welcome in permanent form the last extended series recently brought to light.

The volume containing the letters from Lamb to the Lloyds, edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, is not only interesting by reason of these treasures, but for the sketch it gives of the quiet Quaker family of Birmingham, and of the elder Charles Lloyd, its head — banker, philanthropist, linguist, and literary gentleman — the father of Lamb's friends, Charles Lloyd and Robert Lloyd. The intimacy between Charles Lloyd, Robert's brother, and Lamb has long been fully appreciated, but until the publication of this series of letters, it was not known how close was the bond between Lamb and the younger brother Robert. Charles and Lamb were of the same age; they had entered upon their literary careers together, appearing as contributors to the little volume entitled "Poems by S. T. Coleridge, Second Edition, to which are added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd." Moreover, they were drawn together by like sad experiences of mental disorder and morbid intellectual tendencies resulting therefrom —for Charles Lamb spent six weeks in the madhouse in Hoxton, in the latter part of 1795 and early in 1796, and in the spring of 1797 Lloyd was compelled to enter a similar retreat. But the friends were essentially unlike. The shock of the domestic tragedy of 1796 and the responsibilities resulting therefrom drove from Lamb's mind all disorder, and banished the overshadowing clouds; whereas, his friend Lloyd, between whom and himself there remained deep mutual affection and of whom he ever spoke in most appreciative terms, was not able for years to shake off his melancholia, and hence ceased to be an influence of moment in the helpful, hopeful life of Lamb.

It is Charles Lloyd who has so feelingly told us of one of the most pathetic circumstances in the life of the devoted brother and sister, when he met them "slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton Fields, both bitterly weeping, and found on joining them that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum."

This new series of letters shows us the most delightful intimacy existing between Lamb and Robert Lloyd, toward whom he seems to have taken gladly the place of mentor and elder brother. The letters cover a number of years, and are of widely different value as shedding light on the character of the writer. A few letters written to the father in friendly criticism of his poetic versions of the *Iliad,* the *Odyssey* and the *Epistles* of Horace, show the calmness and clearness of Lamb's critical vision, and at the same time both his justice and kindness. One letter to Robert we must in part quote as emphasising the essential basis of Lamb's character, as we have already suggested it:

> My dear Robert:—One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that "this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to insinuate the high price of Sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and the moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all a sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you, you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race

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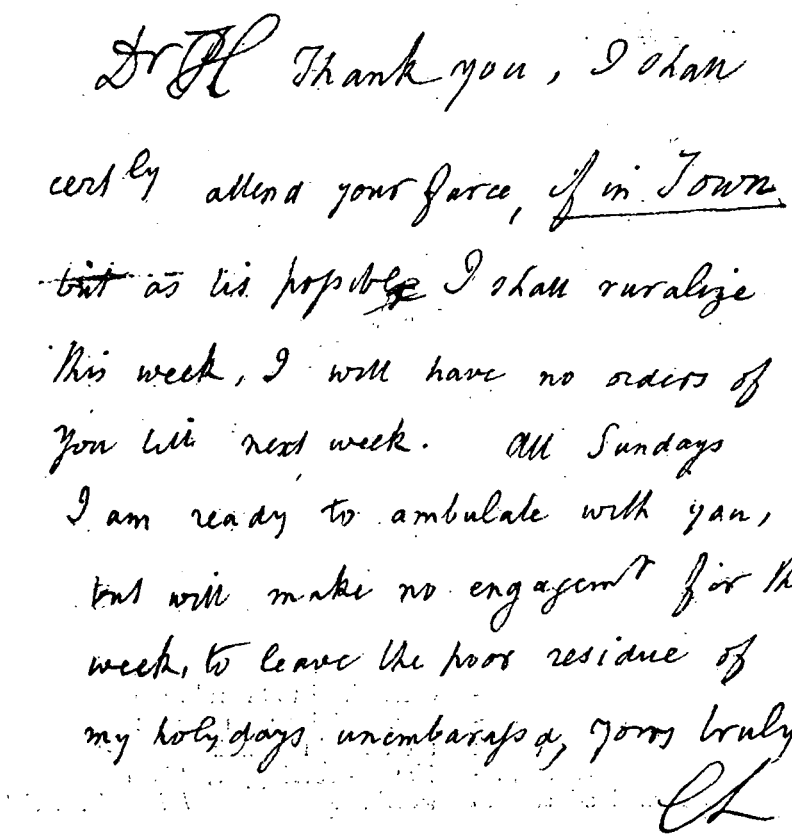
of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowles's and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are past, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place.

When only twenty-three years of age, this was Lamb's philosophy of life. If ever he was beguiled by the philosophy of revolt, so loud-voiced in his day, even ly concentrated in his apt phrase, "You may extract honey from everything; do not go a-gathering after gall."

Those who, as Swinburne puts it, "can feel" the claim and charm of Lamb, have received a great benefaction in these delightful letters, and we cannot but hope, knowing Lamb's prodigality as a correspondent and the gaps existing in his known correspondence, that the future may have in store for us the discovery



From an unpublished letter of Charles Lamb to the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

at this early period he could say with his friend Coleridge:

I have now seen my error. I have accordingly snapped my squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition, and have hung up its fragments in the chamber of Penitences.

In the school of affliction he had been taught this profound wisdom, the wisdom that constitutes the essence of his genius, that deep appreciation of the present value of human life, so complete-

of other letters to correspondents as yet unknown.

I have in my possession and before me a characteristic note from Lamb to our fellow-countryman, John Howard Payne, which is here reproduced. Payne, who as an actor acquired in this country the title of Young Roscius, in 1813, being then twenty-two years of age, visited England, where he attracted much attention. There he met Coleridge and became acquainted with Lamb. The tie of friendship was greatly strengthened by

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the fact that when in 1822 Mary Lamb was travelling in France, and was smitten by her mental disorder, she had the good fortune to meet Mr. Payne, and found in him a staunch and helpful friend who on her recovery accompanied her to Paris. In recognition of Payne's kindness, in a letter written in the latter part of the same year by Mary Lamb to their mutual friend, Mrs. Kenney, she says: "You shall not be jealous of Mr. Payne. Remember he did Charles and I good service without grudge or grumbling. Say to him how much I regret that we owe him unreturnable obligations, for I still have my old fear that we shall never see him again. I received great pleasure in seeing his two successful pieces."

A year later, Lamb was able to aid Payne, who was then carrying on the triple task of acting, writing plays, and managing, in part, a theatre. As was usual with Lamb, he did not date this note, but it was evidently written before 1825, after which all days were holidays, upon his release from "his slavery," at the East India House. Nor can it be determined what was the performance alluded to in the note. Payne's drama, or opera as it was also called, *Clari*, in which the ballad "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, was first produced May 8, 1823, at the Covent Garden Theatre. Whether the invitation was to that or to see one of the ten or more farces written by Payne, cannot now be known. But the note is interesting because so characteristic, and as manifesting the closeness of the friendship. At the very outset, we note that Lamb had first thought to address the note to dear "P.," and afterward changed his formal address to the familiar one, dear "H." This was especially characteristic of him, because he was particularly fond of being called by his Christian name. He used to say, "So Christians should call one another." Further, it suggests by its declaration of Lamb's determination to "ruralize" that week, the question so much debated by Lamb's editors and biographers, as to whether he had any love for or any appreciation of the beauties of nature. Wordsworth styled him the "scorner of the fields." A late biographer insists that there was in Lamb a want and incapability of sympathy with rural scenery. Lamb was fond of speaking on this subject in accordance with the mood upon him. He most often was found praising the delights of life in association with *beings* over life in association with *things*. Yet, after all, the truth seems to be that he was not without love for and interest in rural beauty, but that love and interest were subordinate to his profounder feelings regarding human life and its experiences. He plainly says this when he writes to Manning:

> I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said), is but as a house to dwell in.

Here in this simple note we find proof of Lamb's appreciation of the beauties of nature. To his friend Payne, on receipt of this note, he must have seemed most determined to "ruralize" during his holiday, and by no means the "scorner of the fields" that he appeared to be to that Nature-worshipper, his friend Wordsworth. *Edward M. Colie.*

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ÉDOUARD ROD

(*Concluded.*)

OD'S chief ambition at this time was to write a novel "detached from all contingent circumstances, a novel which should be exclusively internal, the action taking place in the heart." It was under this impulse that *La Course à la Mort* was written, which, as he is fond of telling us, is of all his works the one to which he has remained most strongly attached.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more thoroughly incorporeal type of fiction. It gives one the sensation of being cut loose from the material world and raised into regions of pure abstractions. There are practically no descriptions of scenes and places, upon which the imagination can lay hold; the weather, the season, the time of day—all, in short, that is usually understood in that useful term of *milieu*—is intentionally relegated to the background. The story is devoid of conversation, as the characters are of names; it is simply one long monologue of pessimism—Schopenhauer pure and simple. "A three-hundred-page commentary on the word of Ecclesiastes," as M. Doumic defines it. It gives the inner life of a young man whose powers are atrophied by the burden of life. He refuses to be confounded with René, Werther or Lara, "egoists who thought only of their own poor personal passions"; it is "the sobs of all mankind" which fills his breast. He loves, but lacks the courage to ask another to share a life so burdened with the sufferings of humanity. Doubting all things, he doubts her love as well, and even if he could be assured of that, he would still doubt his own love for her. And while he lacks the strength of mind necessary for self-destruction, yet in the end he commits a species of moral suicide by retiring to a solitary retreat where he can give himself up to the charms of a vegetative life, acknowledging that the world contains but two good things, silence and immobility.

I cannot understand why *Le Sens de la Vie* has been considered as less pessimistic than *La Course à la Mort*. To me it is the more hopeless of the two; and yet, curiously enough, it is of all his volumes the one to which I find myself most frequently reverting, for it touches with consummate skill upon the contradictions of the human heart. This time his hero decides not to sit apart and meditate, but decides to sustain his part in the world's struggle, and to wring from existence the secret of its significance. From a worldly point of view, he is amply blessed with the good things of life—vigorous health, abundant means, and kindly friends. Having no real sorrows, he persistently creates imaginary ones. He marries; and to his surprise no disillusion follows the honeymoon; on the contrary, he and his wife prove to be admirably suited to one another. He is fully prepared to regret the freedom of his bachelor days, but a single evening at the club forces from him a bewildered recognition that he is more contented at home. In the course of time a child is born without the occurrence of any of the disastrous complications with the anticipations of which this chronic alarmist has for months been torturing himself. But he does not accept the burden of paternity gracefully; he finds that he cannot love the child; it disarranges all his settled habits, and is a constant source of petty grievances. He is absurdly angry at the prying officiousness of the authorities who require him to record its birth, and he suffers keenly at having to yield to the wife's desire to have it baptized. Before long, however, the child sickens, and for days its life hangs in the balance; and when the crisis comes and he knows that it will live—for here, as elsewhere, his good luck follows him—the father in him awakes, and he realises that he loves it after all. And now he is more unhappy than before, for here is one more being that is dear to him, and for whom he must henceforth apprehend the wretchedness of life. So one after another his attempts to find the meaning of life fail, and when at last he is driven to seek comfort in the religion of his childhood, we take leave of him on his knees in the church of St. Sulpice, pitifully murmuring the Lord's Prayer, "which, alas! comes from his lips only."

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Les Trois Cœurs, which is quite as abstract as its predecessors, is interesting only as a transition work, so we may pass on at once to his first story with a vigorous plot, *La Sacrifice*. Pierre Morgex is a physician, and being also a thorough-going materialist, he does not hesitate to promise his old friend Audouin that if the latter should ever be stricken down with apoplexy, he will not suffer him to linger on, a helpless burden to his friends, but that a well-timed overdose of opium shall solve the problem. Before long, however, the Doctor awakes to the distressing knowledge that he has fallen in love with his friend's wife, Clotilde, and that the latter is far from indifferent to him. Nevertheless, when the dreaded attack occurs the Doctor carries out his agreement and eventually marries Clotilde. But his conscience will give him no peace. Without the complication of love, he would have had no misgivings regarding his right to cut short a human life which had ceased to be worth living; but now the doubt whether he acted from self-interest or solely from a sense of duty destroys his peace of mind. Finally he lays his case successively before two friends, a judge and a priest. The interpreter of human law freely absolves him; the representative of the divine law cannot do so; and it is in accordance with the latter's counsel that he leaves his wife, for whose sake he has sinned, and who thus becomes the innocent victim, "La Sacrifice."

In the volumes which follow, M. Rod has refrained from introducing the element of crime, but has continued to probe deeply into similar questions of conscience. *Michel Teissier*, *Le Silence*, *Les Roches Blanches*, *Le Dernier Refuge*, all belong to the type of "Roman passionel"; in each of them he seeks to show that in these "delicate questions of the heart" no one has the right to define the limits of good and evil; no one has the right to say when "love forbidden by human laws is also forbidden by those superior laws of whose divine indulgence we sometimes have a premonition." Teissier and Blanche, Kermoysan and Mme. Hervedin, Trembloz and Mme. de Bussens, Duguay and Hélène Berthemy, are all unhappy couples who have had the misfortune to love in defiance of social conventions, and in one mode or another pay the penalty of their offence. The legend of the White Rocks, which gives the name to one of these stories, admirably symbolises the dilemma which forms his chief preoccupation. It is the legend of a Trappist and a nun, who had formerly loved, but, because they could not marry, had taken refuge in religion. The love, however, which they thought dead, but which proved to be only dormant, awoke again in their hearts; they met by stealth, but at the first kiss they were turned to stone. And here is the lesson of the legend:

> This is the lot of those who have too much soul to remain ignorant of love, and too much virtue to give themselves up to it in thoughtlessness and joy; whether they resist or fall, sorrow awaits them; the light which shines within them must consume them or burn itself out, and if they are not the culpable victims of their own hearts, it is because their hearts have no other refuge than to turn to stone.

Michel Teissier is an example of those who fall. A man of rare attainments, a political leader, the husband of a devoted wife, he successively betrays his country, his party and his family, for the sake of a young girl, his ward, whom he ultimately marries, and in so doing makes the rest of his life one long expiation. Henri Trembloz, in *Les Roches Blanches*, is an instance of the opposite type, one of those who resist and whose hearts are turned to stone. Although a peasant by birth, he receives, thanks to his mother's self-sacrifice, a university training, and as a theological student gives proof of "an impeccable memory and an exceptional gift of eloquence." Being recalled to his native village as its pastor, he receives especial favour from Mme. de Bussens, the wife of his most influential parishioner, and the transition from esteem to love is both easy and rapid. In their case, however, many things—religion, education, temperament, the very climate itself—conspire to prevent any irreparable consequences; as M. Rod phrases it, their souls conquered, but "the triumph resembled one of those victories without a morrow, which leaves the victor more feeble than his enemy." This story, which was the first of his works to be translated into English, is interesting

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not only for its admirable portrayal of Swiss life, but also because it is the most obvious example of his indebtedness to Stendhal. If space permitted, it would be a curious study to trace the numerous resemblances to *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

Neither the victory of the flesh in *Michel Teissier*, nor the victory of the spirit in *Los Roches Blanches*, seems to have satisfied M. Rod. In *Le Dernier Refuge* he seeks a middl course. This story, in many respects the most powerful that he has yet written, is nothing more nor less than a glorification of love, the love that "sweeps away law and duty as a hurricane snaps the trunks of trees and scatters their foliage." Like d'Annunzio in *Trionfo della Morte*, he has sought his inspiration at Bayreuth, in the exaltation of Isolde's death-song; and also, like d'Annunzio, he finds in death the only logical outcome for a love of this nature. Unlike Henri Trembloz, Martial Duguay is not a pastor nor even a Protestant, but an inventor, who pays small heed to religion of any sort. Ostensibly, he is engrossed in the perfection of a new electrical marvel, the *scophophore*, which the banking house of Berthemy and Levolle has undertaken to promote; in reality his mind has room for but one thought, his love for Berthemy's wife, Hélène. Although they have already reached the epoch of furtive rendezvous, Martial is desperately unhappy; he finds himself hating everyone who approaches her, "for do they not all rob him of something, of some small part of her beauty, her smile, her glance?" Above all, he hates the husband, the dictatorial, self-sufficient Berthemy, who has right and law and society all on his side. The very secrecy of their meetings is intolerable; he cannot endure the thought of "a long life of hypocrisy and lies." His constant prayer is that Hélène shall definitely leave her home and let him claim her openly in defiance of the world; or if they cannot live together, they can die; "it is but a step from love to death." But Hélène only looks at him "with eyes of pity," and denies his prayer. The crisis comes unexpectedly, during the long summer separation which Duguay has learned to dread. The days go by, and no word comes from her, until he can bear the suspense no longer, and using the scophophore as a pretext, pays a visit to Berthemy's summer home. Here he finds his worst fears confirmed; Mme. Berthemy has been dangerously ill—appendicitis, the anxious husband explains, and proceeds to give minute details of the operation; then for the first time he observes Duguay's convulsed features, and his suspicions are aroused. He promptly forbids Duguay the house, and Hélène's flight from home follows as a matter of course. "I have come," she tells her lover, "I am no longer afraid . . . let us die together." And so, after lingering a few brief weeks in the ideal spot where they have taken refuge, overlooking the Gulf of Spezzia, they go out of life together, thus expiating, so M. Rod seems to think, their sin against society.

Readers whose first requirement of a novel is that it shall contain an interesting story, will naturally give preference to these later books, for while lacking the personal charm of *Le Sens de la Vie*, they contain far greater variety of incident and character; they tell us something of the hero's physical as well as his mental attributes—of the colour of his hair and eyes, of the house he lives in, and the clothes he wears. Rod's growing tendency in this direction is especially noticeable in his recent *Menage du Pasteur Naudié*, which Brunetière has pronounced one of the books of the year, and which is soon to be issued in this country. It tells how a minister of the Gospel learned to his cost that he could not serve two masters; that he could not do his duty to his God, and at the same time serve Mammon in the shape of a charming but capricious young wife. So he dedicates the remainder of his life to the heathen of Central Africa, where, presumably, he will find a chance to do ample penance for his error.

It is not the design of the present article to discuss the ethical value of M. Rod's moral theories, disputable though they are. It will have accomplished its purpose if it draws attention to some of the more striking phases of thought in a writer who, because he lacks the meteoric brilliance of some of his contemporaries, has been slower in attaining that widespread recognition to which his many and obvious talents, both as critic and as novelist, have long since entitled him.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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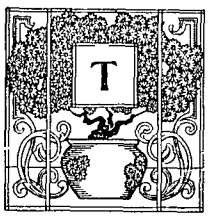
RUDYARD KIPLING

"THE LAUREATE OF ENGLISH ENDEAVOUR."



HE gods were extravagantly good to Mr. Kipling, for with his gift of dramatic tale and a career to equip him for its expression, they gave him the gift of poetry, lacking which prose narrative is soulless and evanescent. It is the poetic insight that over and over again redeems brutal and even vulgar passages in his tales from our indifference or contempt; there he would have shown the poet if *Departmental Ditties, Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas* had never been written. But he has in his works of verse justified himself as the Laureate of English endeavour. A brain-weary people, sick of abstruse sermons played upon dulcimers, have hailed with gladness a song and chorus accompanied by the banjo. Some of the strenuous young gentlemen who sing in pestilent, obtruse and jerky measure of life, time and early demise have an equipment Mr. Kipling cannot or does not boast of. They rejoice in vocabularies extensive and precious; they have a fastidiousness that keeps them clear of the cheap tune, the vulgar hero, the sentiment of the Lion Comique, the dialect that is unheard in drawing-rooms. They can write much that Mr. Kipling could not write to save his soul, but they cannot write so as to be read or listened to, which, cant aside, has been the first ambition of every ballad-maker since the days when Homer smote his lyre. Literature in prose or poetry is saved from eternal perdition by fresh starts; just when the material of conventional verse has been spread out thin to invisibility, and sheer intellect is going to upset our apple-cart, a lark soars into the heavens with a simple song for lesson, a man sheds the cerements of convention, steps back from the choir, and gives his natural voice a trial unafraid. Then, no matter what he sings—weariness and fret, the joy of life, passion, Spring or stars, if a robust individuality, a clean nature, a lyric lilt and cadence be his, we must be listening. His are the airs that the people find haunting; they may be even only temporary in appeal, but permanence is not, in spite of all we say to the contrary, the first and greatest essential of poetry. Wharton boasted that with "Lillibulero" he had whistled a king out of three kingdoms; we have to-day forgotten that air that Uncle Toby so constantly dwelt on, but in the final balancing of things that have influenced, who can say that the forgotten "Lillibulero" is not more weighty than studious measures in classic mould a few rare exclusive souls have sung for centuries?

With material entirely new, with a method novel, Kipling, in *Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*, has captured the general ear and touched the general heart. That, it may be retorted, was done aforetime by the Muse of Mr. Sims. Yet in this instance there is a great difference, though it seems sacrilege to hint the necessity of differentiation. It is not the music-hall audience alone that is impressed by the weird terror of "Danny Deever," the sentiment of the majestic "Ballad of East and West," the *élan* of the "Sons of the Widow," and the cadence and wistfulness of "Mandalay." In these measures artists have found the lyric note no way abased. Good as the *Barrack-room Ballads* were, the more recent *Seven Seas* was better. There we found Mr. Kipling, still with "the best words in the best order," as Coleridge defined poetry, but more profound in the hearts of man. A wider sweep of interests, a more mature valuation of the phenomena of life, a more opulent and canorous note peals in his lines, the man behind the instrument is more finely revealed. Any claim by any other living man than the author of "A Song of the English" to be considered the laureate by divine right of English peoples would be ridiculous. But the Imperialism of the book is only one of its impressive features. The age of steam and telegraph, Hotchkiss guns and Saratoga trunks has found its balladist there, and he has found nothing common or unclean. The soldiers of the later military ballads, too, betray an aging creator; they are still strumming

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on the banjo, but their songs have lost some of the shallow inspiration of the 'Alls; they lean upon homing bulwarks and reflect upon the sweet futilities that have stayed them here and there upon the sides of "the 'appy roads that take you o'er the world." And the seas cry in his work for the first time, not the played-out oceans of dhow and galley and picturesque, but unwieldy three-deckers, but of the darting cruiser, the liner spurning leagues a day in every weather, the buffeting of the elements and the engineer.

Neil Munro.

"THE BRIDGE BUILDERS"

"The order was to stand by the day's work." *Rudyard Kipling.*

The old Three-Decker long had dropped
  Below the ocean's rim;
We saw her pass with tattered sails,
  And felt our sight grow dim.

Her sides were torn; her ports were closed;
  Her echoing guns were still;
She tacked and veered, she hauled and sheered,
  But knew no steersman's will.

And though we thought to lift again
  Her canvas tier on tier,
And though we hoped to hear again
  Her lusty seamen cheer,

And South and North and East and West
  We beat the ocean round,
Yet never a sail did our good watch hail,
  And never a ship we found.

And when the night broke into light
  A strange dark shape upbore;
Was it ark, or boat, or castle afloat,
  With round-tower aft and fore?

She trailed a trail of thick, black smoke,
  And we turned our eyes away;
But there was one with us had seen
  The dawn of a broader day—

Who had touched the robe of the True Romance,
  And spoke her face to face,
Who had seen her hand through every land,
  And time, and clime, and place.

And to us blind he whispered kind,
  And taught our eyes to serve,
Till we saw God's might in the thrust of a screw,
  His strength in a turret's curve;

Till we heard His voice in a cable's throb
  In the ooze of the deep sea laid;
And we felt His pride in the giant stride
  Of an engine man had made;

Till we caught the gleam of His watchful eye
  From a coast-wise beacon tall;
And we learned the path of His justful wrath
  From the whirr of a rifle-ball.

The old Three-Decker may not lift
  Her canvas tier on tier,
And ye may hearken all in vain
  Her booming guns to hear;

But thanks to Him who stood beside
  And showed what men we be,
We know forsooth that God's great Truth
  Holds still, by land and sea.

Percy Adams Hutchison.

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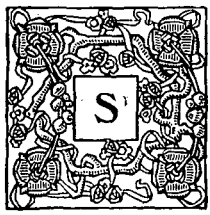
THE HUMOUR OF THE ROMANY "CHI" *

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AYLWIN."



OME of those who have been especially attracted toward Sinfi Lovell have had misgivings, I find, as to whether she is not an idealisation, an impossible Romany *chi,* and some of those who have been especially attracted toward Rhona Boswell have had the same misgivings as to her.

The *Times* (London), in a kindly notice of *The Coming of Love,* said that the sort of gypsies here depicted are a very interesting people—"unless the author has flattered them unduly."

Those who best know the women of the gypsies will be the first to aver that I have *not* "flattered them unduly."

One of the great racial specialities of the Romany is the superiority of the women to the men. For it is not merely in intelligence, in imagination, in command over language, in comparative breadth of view regarding the Gorgio world that the Romany women (in Great Britain, at least) leave the men far behind. In everything that goes to make nobility of character this superiority is equally noticeable. To imagine a gypsy hero is, I will confess, rather difficult. Not that the average male gypsy is without a certain amount of courage, but it soon gives way, and, in a conflict between a gypsy and an Englishman, it always seems as though ages of oppression have damped the virility of Romany stamina.

Although some of our most notable prizefighters have been gypsies, it used to be well known, in times when the ring was fashionable, that a gypsy could not always be relied upon to "take punishment" with the stolid indifference of an Englishman or a negro, partly, perhaps, because his more highly strung, nervous system makes him more sensitive to pain.

The courage of a gypsy woman, on the other hand, has passed into a proverb; nothing seems to daunt it. This superiority of the women to the men extends to everything, unless, perhaps, we except that gift of music for which the gypsies as a race are noticeable. With regard to music, however, even in Eastern Europe (Russia alone excepted), where gypsy music is so universal that, according to some writers, every Hungarian musician is of Romany extraction, it is the men, and not, in general, the women, who excel. Those, however, who knew Sinfi Lovell may think with me that this state of things may simply be the result of opportunity and training.

But it is with regard to the humour of gypsy women that Gorgio readers seem to be most sceptical. The humorous endowment of most races is found to be more abundant and richer in quality among the men than among the women. But among the Romanies the women seem to have taken humour with the rest of the higher qualities.

A question that has been most frequently asked me in connection with my two gypsy heroines has been: Have gypsy girls really the *esprit* and the humorous charm that you attribute to them? My answer to this question shall be a quotation from Mr. Groome's delightful book, *Gypsy Folk-Tales,* just published.

Speaking of the Romany *chi's* incomparable piquancy, he says:

> I have known a gypsy girl dash off what was almost a folk-tale impromptu. She had been to a picnic in a four-in-hand with "a lot o' real tip-top gentry"; and "Reia," she said to me afterward, "I'll tell you the comicalest thing as ever was. We'd pulled up, to put the brake on; and there was a *púro hotchi-witchi* (old hedgehog) come and looked at us through the hedge; looked at me hard. I could see he'd his eye upon me. And home he'd go, that old hedgehog, to his wife, and 'Missus,' he'd say, 'what d'ye think? I seen a little gypsy gal just now in a coach and four horses'; and *'Dábla!'* she'd say, *'sawkúmni 'as vardé kenáw'* ('Bless us! every one now keeps a carriage')."

Now, without saying that this impromptu folklorist *was* Rhona Boswell, I will at least aver, without fear of contradiction from Mr. Groome, that it might well have been she.

Although there is as great a difference between one Romany *chi* and another, as

*From a prefatory note to the third edition of *The Coming of Love,* by permission of the publisher, Mr. John Lane.

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between one English girl and another, there is a strange and fascinating kinship between the humour of all gypsy girls.

No three girls could possibly be more unlike than Sinfi Lovell, Rhona Boswell and the girl of whom Mr. Groome gives his anecdote; and yet there is a similarity between the fanciful humour of them all.

The humour of Rhona Boswell must speak for itself in these pages [*The Coming of Love*]—where, however, the passionate and tragic side of her character and her story dominates everything. But I cannot resist the temptation of giving an example of Sinfi Lovell's humour, and of her power of dramatic narrative.

It is recorded that years after the events told in *Aylwin*, a Gorgio friend of Sinfi Lovell's was crossing Snowdon with her from Capel Curig, and they stopped to observe the same sunrise effects which are described in *Aylwin*. The splendours made the friend very voluble, while Sinfi remained silent. At last he said, "You don't seem to enjoy it a bit, Sinfi."

The slightest of smiles broke over her face as she said, "Don't injiy it, don't I? *You* injiy talkin' about it. *I* injiy letting it soak in."

On another occasion the same friend got her to talk about Hurstcote Manor and D'Arcy. He did so with great difficulty, however, for, underlying all her humour, there was, he thought, a sadness bespeaking a heart which, though not broken, was sorely bruised.

"Well," said Sinfi at last, "there ain't much to tell about that. It's allus a quiet life down there. Mr. D'Arcy's lively enough sometimes; but sometimes he has the blues awful, and lays rollin' on the great brown holland sofy in the studio, a-pickin' his nails an' a-lookin' at nothink. But that ain't so very often; and he is a nice man, an' everybody likes him. There's on'y one 'musin' party down there, an' that's a kind o' housekeeper, a born natural; they calls her Mrs. Titwing."

Sinfi then began to tell the friend some racy anecdotes about D'Arcy's housekeeper, from which it appeared that the painter, after Sinfi had been the means of restoring Winifred Wynne to health, had insisted on the gypsy's being elevated from the position of model to that of a friend and an equal. This had been somewhat resented in the kitchen, and the kind of humorous good sense that was Sinfi's characteristic had enabled her to see that the resentment was but natural under the circumstances.

"You see," said Sinfi, "whenever I went down to Hurstcote Manor before, the sarvents allus used to call me the gypsy model, and you must know that all English Gorgios, whether gentlefolks or sarvents, is allus much more ingorant than the Welsh Gorgios, and they look down on us Romanies in a way as allus makes me laugh."

The Gorgio friend said, in mock reproachfulness: "You forget for the moment your good breeding, Sinfi; I am an English Gorgio."

"I mean Gorgio sarvents, in course," said Sinfi, with ready tact. "It ain't perlite to say Gorgio at all to a Gorgio. Toffs is the word when you're talkin' o' gentlefolk. Howsomedever, what with my dukkurin' an' what with my singin' an' playin' on the crwth, Mr. D'Arcy's sarvents used to like to get me in the sarvents' hall, an' used to look forrud to my goin' to Hurstcote. But now, when Mr. D'Arcy would keep on treatin' me like a real rawnee, in course it put their noses out o' jint, an' this used to 'muse me. I used to say to the butler, 'That nose o' yourn has got a twist lately, Mr. Slater. You don't look quite so straight along it as you used to; what's the matter with the gristle? Is it 'coz Mr. D'Arcy *will* make a rawnee on me? Now, you knows very well,' I sez, 'that I don't want to be made a rawnee on. There ain't a Gorgio lady in the land,' sez I, 'as is fit to hold the candle to a Romany rawnee and a duke's chavi,' I sez. 'The Gorgios is all mumply when set by the side of a Romany.'"

"Lady Sinfi!" the friend exclaimed, in a still more reproachful tone.

"Of course, when I said that," exclaimed Sinfi, "I hadn't seen much of nice, kind Gorgies. Well, this used to make the butler laugh an' seem half ashamed of hisself, an' he used to say, 'It's all right, my gal; us sarvents allus liked you, Sinfi; and though it *is* a bit queer to see you a-settin' down at table with the guvernor and the lady-model, this is Topsy-Turvey Hall you know; that's what we calls it, an' it's a lark to see you three a-settin' there, an' it makes a little fun in this dull place. At first we

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did jib at it a bit, but now we're got used to it we like it; but it's that bloomin' Mrs. Titwing as has got her back set up about it, an' she's allus a-talkin' to me and the cook an' all of us about the insult to us of Mr. D'Arcy's goin's-on; and if it *is* insultin' for you to be a-settin' there, sarvents are very thin-skinned about bein' insulted, you know.'

"That's what he sez. The housekeeper, you must know, is a sort o' stuck-up, gravy-eyed, born natural, as ain't got all her buttons. Afore I got there she used to be allus a-talkin' about the difference atween her as is a lady an' the sarvents, an' about her bein' nearer to the parlour folk than the sarvents' hall. Well, this 'ere born natural, Mrs. Titwing, bein' a Christian rawnee, used to think that the more she hated the heathen gypsies, as she called us, the more she wur a-sayin' her prayers; an' this made her be so friendly all at wonst with the sarvents, an' egg 'em on to set up a kind of a scrimmage agin' me, though they done it in a kind o' half-hearted way, as I see'd. So one day I told Mr. D'Arcy about it, and I sez to him, 'Jist to make peace with the born natural, who's very ingorant and don't know no better, I think I had better have my vittles in the sarvents' hall as I used to; it don't make no difference to me. If a born natural, as is a mumply Gorgio to boot, looks down on me, *I* looks down on all born naturals, and all Gorgios too—if they're mumply.'

"But Mr. D'Arcy jumps off his paintin'-stool and begins to swear an' bawl out, till he makes the room ring agin, an' he sez, 'Pull that 'ere bell, Sinfi,' an' I does; an' in comes one o' the sarvents, an' Mr. D'Arcy sez, 'Send that—that Mrs. Titwing here, an' then go an' tell all the sarvents to come up; I wants to speak to 'em.' An' up comes the born natural, lookin' about the eyes as if she'd jist been a-peelin' ingins. An' when Mr. D'Arcy claps eyes on her, he sez, 'A nice kind of a Christian woman you are! I suppose you think the more you spit in the face of the heathen gypsy, as you call my friend Sinfi, the more you show your love for the Lord Jesus. But look you here, Mrs. Titwing, the Lord Jesus, when you get to them Golden Gates o' Heaven as you are very anxious to get thro', He'll say, "What do you want here, Mrs. Titwing? It's the other gates across the way as opens for such as you. It ain't *me* as *you* takes arter, Mrs. Titwing; it's the gent over the way," and then the porter o' them golden gates he'll jist give you a gentle kick, an' say, "Out you goes, Mrs. Titwing, out you goes." An' presto! you'll find yourself behind them other gates as belongs to the other party, where all the congregation of Little Bethel of Hurstcote village is waitin' for you.' And when all the other sarvents comes in, Mr. D'Arcy he makes them stand in a row afore him; and then he pints to me and sez, 'You see that Romany *chi?*'"

"See what, Sinfi?" asked the friend.

"Well, of course, he didn't say Romany *chi,* he said—'You see Sinfi—suppose that she'd done any one on you a great sarvice, and brought herself to death's door a-doin' on it. Suppose she saved you from bein' burnt in your beds, say, or drownded in the weir, say, should you feel friendly-like toward that gypsy model, or unfriendly?' And they all sez at wonst, 'In course, sir, we should feel friendly-like, and *very* friendly-like.' 'Well,' sez Mr. D'Arcy, 'Sinfi Lovell has done *me,* an' a dear friend o' mine, a great sarvice at the risk of her own life, she has. And the doctor tells me that it will do her good to be nussed up in the parlour, an' have her meals along o' me. What should you think of me if I turned round and said, "No, she shan't, because she's a gypsy model"?' Then the parlour-maid what hates the born natural, sez, 'I should say it wasn't a bit like Mr. D'Arcy, but a good deal like a fine Christian lady what shall be nameless; a lady wot sez her prayers reg'lar, an' tries to set people agin each other.' Then they all began to laugh, an' the born natural began to cry; and there were an end of the row."

But I think enough has here been said to show how richly endowed are the Romany girls with humour.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

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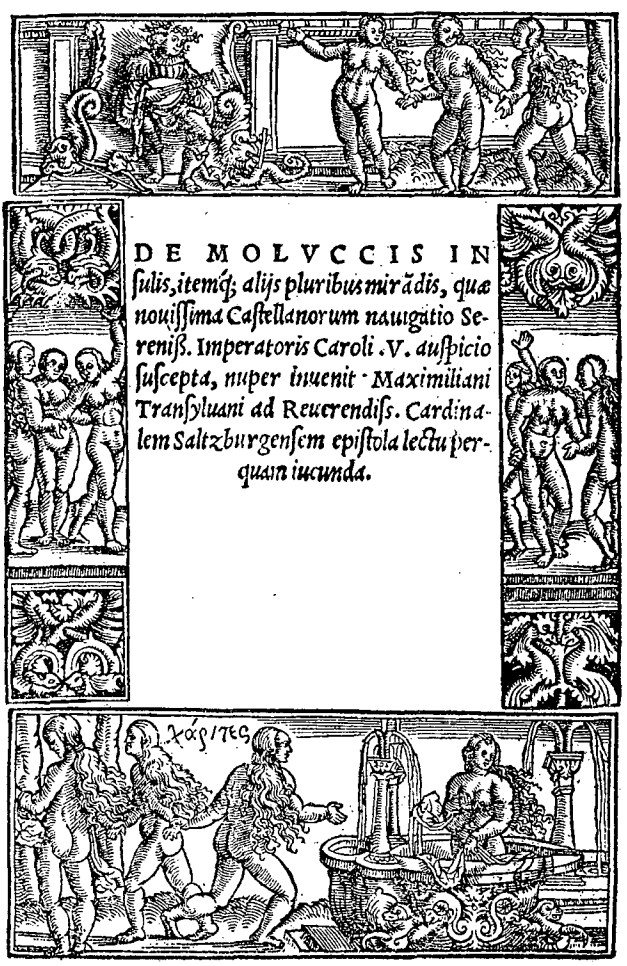
THE FIRST BOOK ON THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

When the new public library in Manila, endowed by some sugar king, is opened to the public in nineteen hundred something, the volume which will occupy the most important place in the collection of local "Americana," corresponding to the folio Spanish Columbus letter in our Lenox Library, will be a copy of a little book, the title-page of which is herewith reproduced. This tract of only thirty pages contains the earliest printed account of the first voyage around the world, and of the discovery of the Philippine Islands. The reproduction is the exact size of the original title-page.

Ferdinand Magellan, who had sailed the Eastern seas as Admiral of the Portuguese fleet, had quarrelled with King Emanuel of Portugal, and had offered his services to the King of Spain, Charles V. He persuaded the king that by sailing westward a new route could be found to the famous spice islands, apparently as yet unvisited, but from which were brought nutmegs, cinnamon and cloves to Malacca, the principal Portuguese settlement in the far East.

A fleet of five ships was fitted out, and on August 10, 1519, Magellan set sail from Seville. One ship was lost on the eastern coast of South America, and a second deserted and returned to Spain, but with the other three ships Magellan passed through the straits which bear his name, crossed the Pacific and discovered the Ladrones (so named by him on account of the thievish habits of the natives), and the Archipelago afterward named the Philippines. Magellan landed on several islands of the group, among them Samar, Leyte, Zebu, where the native king and 2,200 of his subjects were baptised, and Matan. On this latter island, in a conflict with the natives, Magellan himself was killed.

John Serrano was then chosen commander of the expedition, but he was equally unfortunate, being shortly after taken prisoner. The number of men being too much reduced to handle the three ships, one was beached on the island of Bohol and burned. After some months spent among the Philippines and other groups farther south, and after a long and hazardous passage home around the Cape of Good Hope, the new commander, Juan Sebastian Del Cano, with one ship, the Victoria, and only seventeen men out of 237 persons who had set out three years before, sailed into the harbour of San Lucas, the 6th of September, 1522, having circumnavigated the world.



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When Del Cano and his crew went up to Valladolid, where the court was then sitting, to relate their adventures to the king, among the auditors were Peter Martyr and a pupil of his, Maximilianus Transylvanus, the author of this book.

The great geographer set his pupil to examine these returned circumnavigators, and gave him the task of writing out an account of the expedition as an exercise in Latin, to send as a letter to his father, the Archbishop of Salzburg in Germany. This letter is dated Valladolid, October 24, 1522. The Archbishop was, apparently, well pleased with his son's effort and sent it to Cologne to be printed. The printing was done during the month of January, 1523, as the printer tells us in the colophon. The book was twice reprinted in Rome, once in November, 1523, and again in March, 1524.

A fuller narrative of the expedition, by Antonio Pigafetti, who was himself one of the survivors of the expedition and who kept a diary, is extant in several contemporary manuscripts. It was, apparently, first printed in French, probably in 1525, but the earliest dated edition is one in Italian of 1536. Though Pigafetti's account is by far the more extended, elaborate and authoritative, this one by Maximilian was the first printed and is the most interesting to the collector. Mr. Ellis's copy was sold at auction in 1884 for £33 and a copy has recently been priced by Mr. Quaritch at £40. The following is a translation of the accompanying title-page:

"An epistle of very pleasant reading, by Maximilian of Transylvania to the most reverend Cardinal of Salzburg, concerning the Molucca Islands, and some other wonderful things, which have recently been discovered during the latest voyage of the Spaniards, undertaken under the auspices of the most Serene Emperor Charles V." *Luther S. Livingston*

IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SPAIN

Queenly Toledo, high above her plains,
Hears still the Tagus murmuring at her feet;
The air with vega wild flowers is so sweet,
And on the hills the colour after rains,
Purple and rose, so pure in pale light wanes,
'Twere easy to forget the past, replete
With majesty and victory and defeat,
Sorrow and splendour and their kingly trains;
But to remember is Toledo's part,
The mighty ones who drew the sword for her,
Or grasped the pen or bent the knee, still dwell,
Deathless within her unforgetting heart;
To martial music still her pulses stir—
She bows in prayer when tolls the vesper bell!

Minna Caroline Smith.

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A NEW LATIN GRAMMAR*

IT has been known for many years that Professor Lane was making a Latin grammar, and the appearance of the book has been awaited with much interest. It is at last issued in most attractive typography and binding, but unhappily too late for the genial and scholarly Pope Professor to see the completion of his life-work. Professor Lane, after a long and useful career, during which he exerted a wide influence, rather perhaps through his instruction and the work which he inspired his pupils to do, than through his own publications, died on the thirtieth of June, 1897, full of years and honours. He left directions that his *Grammar*, which was in great part ready for publication, should be completed by Professor Morgan, in consultation with Professors F. D. Allen and C. L. Smith. Of their aid Professor Morgan was deprived through the death of Professor Allen, and the absence of Professor Smith as Director of the School at Rome. He has, however, accomplished his difficult and delicate task with great judgment and ability, and the seventy sections which he has added are all excellent, and a real addition to the book.

The title of the book, "A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges," makes one a little in doubt from what point of view to approach it; but since many problems are dealt with which the school grammars leave untouched or treat more briefly, or relegate to an appendix, it appears more reasonable to review it as a college grammar.

It seems not out of place to express beforehand my hearty admiration for my former teacher's broad and accurate scholarship, and for his thorough and painstaking methods of work. If his armour has weak points through which lesser men may direct their puny shafts, it is because in these days of minute specialisation it is no longer possible for one man to write a perfect Latin grammar, any more than one can make a lexicon single-handed. This is fully realised in Germany, where one syndicate of scholars is engaged on a *Historische Grammatik der Latinischen Sprache*, and another on a *Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ*.

Latin grammars fall roughly into three classes—those which deal with the Latin language historically; those in which the comparative method is followed; and those in which both methods are combined. Professor Lane's *Grammar* belongs to the first class. It might well be called, like Roby's, "A Grammar of the Latin Language from Plautus to Suetonius," for no authors later than Suetonius are cited, except Gellius and Macrobius, and mention is seldom if ever made of the Italic dialects, or of Greek, Sanscrit, and the other Indo-Germanic languages. The line is thus sharply drawn between Latin grammar and comparative philology, and therefore one looks in vain for such information as is given in Lindsay's *Latin Language* or in Bennett's *Appendix*. One does not find any explanation of the origin of the forms of the Latin verb or of the case endings, except in so far as they can be shown from the Latin itself. For example, except for the reference to section 131 (loss of medial *m* or *n*), which is hardly clear to the uninitiated, the accusative plural of gender nouns is said to end in *s*. Even where comparison with other languages is not necessary, the explanation of the case endings is not full enough to be perfectly clear, as in 428, where consonant stems are said to be "extended by *i*" before *bus*. And the same may be said of the explanation of the accusative ending — *em* of *i*-stem nouns in 424, and of the genitive endings—*um* and *ium* in 427.

The book makes the impression of being a work of striking originality. One is almost tempted to say, of too great originality, for except in the sections added by Professor Morgan, little attention appears to be paid to the gleanings of other labourers in the same field; and from cover to cover, unless I am in error, no authority of any kind is cited. This disregard of others' views is very likely only apparent, for Professor

*A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By George M. Lane, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor Emeritus in Harvard University. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Lane's *Preface* was never written; and, of course, I refer not to the acknowledgment of help actually received, but to the published work in the field of Latin grammar.

The life-work of a distinguished scholar, carried out in this spirit—and whether I am right or wrong in what I have said above, the book certainly bears the stamp of originality—cannot but be of great interest and value. It is equally certain to be more or less vulnerable.

This is particularly the case in the pages on sound, which, it must be remembered, were stereotyped some time ago, and very likely do not represent the views of Professor Lane's later years. One is disappointed to read (in section 34) that the Latin short vowels have "the same sound shortened" as the corresponding long vowels, for it is now generally agreed that long and short vowels differed not only in quantity but in *quality* as well, with the possible exception of *a*. The whole treatment of pronunciation is briefer than one would expect in a grammar of this character. The classification of vowels as "*open*, otherwise called *strong*, and *close*, otherwise called *weak*," can no longer be regarded as a scientific one. The chapter on vowel weakening (69 fol.) needs much revision. The explanation of *acer*, *ager*, etc. (in 89), is misleading in the form in which it now stands; also that of *minus* in 102. From 116 and 488 one would be led to suppose that rhotacism of final *s* occurred in Latin as well as in Umbrian. *Rufus* (118) is certainly a borrowed word, of Sabellian origin, and *mi* (132) probably does not come from *mihi*. The connection of *non* and *noenum* (140) is at least doubtful, as is also the change of final *o* to *e*, assumed in 142. Without going into further detail, it must be said that the entire part of the *Grammar* which deals with sounds must be read with great caution.

The marking of long vowels, including "hidden quantities," in grammars, elementary texts, and even in scientific articles (for example, Osthoff's in the *Indogermanische Forschungen*) is now such a universal practise, that one needs to be reminded that Professor Lane was a pioneer in this respect, and that he was fastidiously accurate in his own pronunciation, and endeavoured to impress the necessity of accuracy upon his pupils, when these things were yet practically unknown. It is well known that he devoted much research to the difficult subject of "hidden quantities," and that many of his results appeared in Lewis's *School Dictionary* and *Elementary Latin Dictionary*. In view of this fact, and of Professor Morgan's statement that he had changed some of his views, the brevity of the chapter on Hidden Quantities is deeply to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that the results of his investigations may sometimes be published in full. And by the way, when Dr. Hayley, in 2460, says that "all these kinds of evidence" (for ascertaining such quantities) "must be used with great caution," one is tempted to think that he meant *each* of these kinds.

In the chapter on Accent nothing is said of the early Latin accent, though its influence in producing sound changes was of prime importance, and the circumflex in Latin is now generally regarded as a fiction of the native grammarians, transferred from the Greek usage.

The treatment of the formation of words is much fuller than is usual in school grammars, and meanings are given to the suffixes more extensively than is the case in the more scientific treatises. This part of the book is excellent, although there are not a few questionable explanations, most of which may be traced to the domain of sound-changes. Such, for instance, are the explanations of *acerrimus* and *facillimus*, and of *pietas*. The part of the book devoted to inflection has already been spoken of. In 415 *octo* and *viginti* might be added to the remnants of the old dual. The genitive *Prosepnais* (in 443) does not exist, the supposed *s* being a curl of the goddess's hair, and the form a dative.

The treatment of syntax is the most valuable part of the book, especially on account of its wealth of well-chosen examples. Here, too, the author's originality is especially conspicuous. Tradition counts for nothing, and new terms, for the most part happily chosen, frequently meet one's eye. The historical infinitive has become the "infinitive of intimation," while the historical present is divided into the "present of vivid

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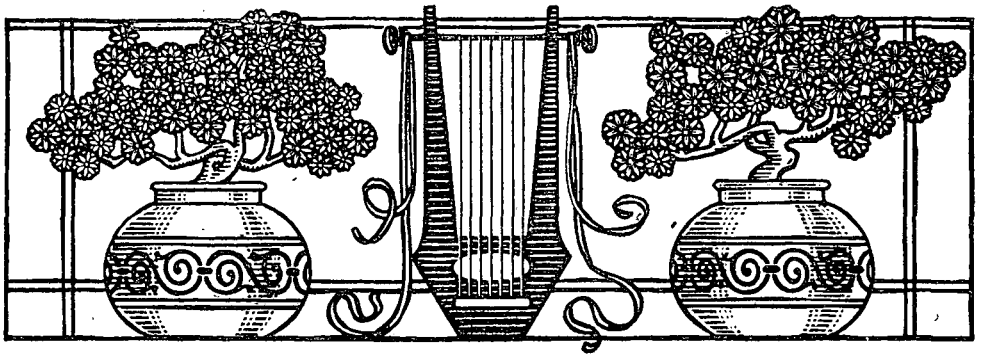
narration" and the "annalistic present." This distinction, which, as Professor Morgan says in his *Preface*, seems obvious now that it is stated, is an entirely new one to me. It would have been made the subject of a monograph by one who was more prone to publish than Professor Lane.

To confine my criticism of this part of the book to a few topics in which I have myself been especially interested, the section on the formation of substantives from adjectives by ellipsis might be considerably expanded; or, at any rate, "and some others" should read "and *many* others." Under 1318 the list of verbs equivalent to a passive might be extended, and here the Greek parallels might appropriately be cited. Under the ablative of comparison the late Latin use of *ab* with the ablative perhaps does not fall within the limits which Professor Lane set himself, although an example probably occurs in Vitruvius, wherever he belongs in the history of Latin literature. In general, the treatment of prepositions seems somewhat meagre. Finally in the cases cited in 1348, most grammarians see an instrumental rather than a locative ablative.

I cannot close without speaking of the delightful style in which the whole book is written. It is rare that one gets a sense of literary enjoyment from reading a Latin grammar, but in this case the excellent English, and especially the happy translation of the Latin examples, really do give one such a feeling. I can think of no better lesson for those teachers who are in the habit of rendering the Latin classics into what Professor Morgan once felicitously characterised as a "vile jargon, invented by the adversary, a language certainly spoken nowhere upon earth, and, I trust, not elsewhere," than to read all of Professor Lane's examples and their translations. A touch that seems characteristic is that the familiar "names of towns and small islands" has become names of towns and *little* islands. The following translations seem to me particularly good. In illustration of the force of diminutives: *lectulus*, "one's own little bed"; *Græculi*, "the good people in Greece"; *muliercula*, "a lady gay," "an unprotected female"; *tonstricula*, "a common barber girl." So, too, *animus bene informatus a natura*, "A soul meetly fashioned by Dame Nature"; *Curatus inæquali tonsore capillos*, "My locks by unsymmetric barber trimmed"; *Temporibus errasti*, "You have slipped up in your chronology"; *Mea quidem sententia*, "In my humble opinion"; *Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis*, "A grand establishment is always full of stuck-up slaves"; *Equis currit pollinctorem arcessere?* "Won't some one run to fetch the undertaker man?" *Surrexit Clodius*, "Up jumped Clodius"; *Surrexit ego*, "Up rose your humble servant." And the list might be extended indefinitely.

The chapter on Versification is the work of Dr. Hayley, of Wesleyan University, and seems to me uncommonly good.

For the use of schools the book seems far too bulky, though an excellent school grammar might be culled from its pages; but it is a work which no Latinist can afford to disregard. It contains not a few contributions to knowledge, and a wealth of material for future investigators. It will form a permanent memorial of Professor Lane's industry and learning. *John C. Rolfe.*



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LITERARY LONDON

THE great subject with us just now is the starting of Sunday newspapers, or rather Sunday editions of two leading London dailies. For a long time it has been known that Mr. Harmsworth of the *Daily Mail* and numerous other publications has had in view the starting of a Sunday newspaper not exactly on American lines, but involving all in the American idea that would attract the slower moving English mind. Mr. Harmsworth knows his business, and never starts a journal till he has thoroughly settled every detail. Before publishing the first number of the *Mail,* almost the only good first number I remember, he spent thousands of pounds in making experiments. No doubt the policy was a very wise one. He has had a staff working at the preparation of the new Sunday paper for some months at least, and now his hand has been forced. There are rumours that the *Daily Telegraph* was contemplating the publication of an evening paper. This was officially denied. It turned out that what was in view was a Sunday *Daily Telegraph.* The *Daily Mail* published at a halfpenny is a formidable rival to the London penny dailies. No one can say precisely how far their circulation has been affected by the *Mail,* but certainly most of them have wakened up considerably. The *Telegraph* in particular has become much more alive. The old style of wordy and pompous and lengthy leading articles contributed by veterans has been discontinued, and the *Daily Telegraph* leaders are now comparatively short and to the point. Fresh features have been assiduously introduced, and a great effort has been made to secure exclusive news. Whatever the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph* may now be, it is certainly the best-paying paper in London, the advertisements yielding an immense revenue, and the financial resources of Sir Edward Lawson, the proprietor, are practically unlimited. The profits were said some years ago to be about a million dollars per annum. Sir Edward is now getting old, and his ambitions in the direction of wealth must have been more than satisfied. But he has sons to succeed him, and they do not mean to let Mr. Harmsworth have it all his own way. Hence, no doubt, the unexpected announcement. Mr. Harmsworth lost no time in intimating that he would be ready to take part in the fray. Newspaper proprietors heaved a deep sigh of relief when they found that his price was to be a penny. If it had been a halfpenny, and if at that cost he had given a really large paper, in my opinion he would have carried everything before him, and even as it is he will no doubt have an immense success. The *Telegraph* and the *Mail* are perhaps the only two dailies in London that could issue a Sunday edition. The *Chronicle* would not wish to compete with *Lloyds',* their own journal, which has the largest circulation in our country, more than a million a week, and for various reasons the other papers are more or less disqualified. Many of us do not like the prospect. We do not wish to see the country flooded with Sunday newspapers. It is just possible that the conservatism of the English people may be found a greater obstruction than is supposed, and that the news agents may stand out. One thing only can be said with confidence. If such journals can be made in England what they are in America, Sir Edward Lawson and Mr. Harmsworth can accomplish the feat. If they fail, no one need ever attempt it. Sir Edward Lawson's paper is not to be out on Saturdays, but only on Sundays. I fancy Mr. Harmsworth's paper will be published like *Lloyds'* and the *People,* with Saturday and Sunday

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editions, but at the moment of writing there is no definite announcement. So far as journalism develops there is little to reassure the lovers of literature. The tendency is to go lower and lower in that respect. One compensation is that there is no tendency to obscenity. The popular journals as a rule are clean, though a few filthy periodicals which the police ought to look after are apparently beginning to sell in great numbers.

I need hardly say that Mr. Kipling's struggle for life was watched with the deepest interest and sympathy in England. I had a confident belief that he would recover. It is curious that just five years ago Mr. J. M. Barrie passed through such another illness. His case was more serious than Mr. Kipling's, and he appeared to be far less robust. The doctors had practically no hope. Nevertheless Mr. Barrie triumphantly surmounted the attack, and has enjoyed fairly good health since then. A prominent novelist, when he first saw Mr. Kipling, congratulated him on his youth. "I am as old as you," said Kipling. "Ten years of Indian journalism is equal to thirty quiet years in England." Happily, however, Mr. Kipling has shown that youth counts for something, after all. I attribute Mr. Kipling's success in the first instance of course to his great and original genius, but also to the fact that he has the power of expressing and crystallising ideas in the air; partly also to his Methodist blood and his ingrained sympathy with the Methodist view of looking at things, which found supreme utterance in his "Recessional." Since the "Recessional" appeared, Rudyard Kipling has been much more popular. The poem has found its way into hymn-books, and has been sung in churches. Nevertheless, those who most admire Mr. Kipling have some misgivings as to the kind of work he has been doing lately. There are two kinds of deterioration, the deterioration of the man who does not take pains, and the still sadder deterioration of the man who takes more and more pains. The labour Mr. Kipling must have given to books like *Captains Courageous* and *The Day's Work* is incalculable, but they show an immense decline from the freshness, the spontaneity, and the power of his earlier work. By themselves they would never have gained more than a minor reputation. They would have been spoken of enthusiastically by people who had worked through them, but the great reading public would never have accepted them. The stories of school life, "Stalky and Co.," appearing in the *Windsor Magazine* here and in *McClure's* on your side, have been received with universal disappointment. They contain occasional gleams of Mr. Kipling's genius, but are upon the whole totally unworthy of it, while that even is coarse, hard and even brutal. In his new book, Mr. Le Gallienne expresses the opinion that human life is too long, that two scores of years are enough, and that they are happiest who conclude it soon. Whether Shelley or Keats or Byron would really have increased their reputation by living on may be gravely doubted, though in the case of Byron Mr. Browning was of another opinion. Every one feels that Mr. Kipling may yet give us something which will far transcend all he has accomplished hitherto, and will place him among the masters. But it is an open question whether this will come to pass. One may be happy, however, and enjoy the fruits of success without achieving fresh triumph. Life is more and other than the mere writing of books.

The two novels likely to divide the honours of the Spring season are Miss Fowler's *A Double Thread* and Miss Harraden's *The Fowler*. Miss Fowler's *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* has been amazingly popular, and is still a living book. In some ways the second book is better. If you can receive the plot, which is ingenious and, so far as I know, new, you will have no difficulty with the rest. What is most hopeful about *A Double Thread* is that it shows even more clearly than *Isabel Carnaby* that Miss Fowler has a future. I am confident that her powers will develop, and that she will write books less superficially attractive than *Isabel Carnaby*, but more impressive and more permanent. At present she enjoys everything so thoroughly, her sense of humour is so keen, her zest of life is so great, that it is only at rare intervals she recognises the fact that life as a whole is not joyful, but sorrowful exceedingly. There is no fear of her native high spirits being ever thoroughly quelled, but time is apt to bring thorns, and there will come to this brilliant artist

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a day when she will see the colour of the world more truly, and when her deeper mind will have freer play. For there is depth to her mind. Sudden reflections, sudden lookings back, sudden pauses in all her stories are to me, and have always been, the most impressive things among them. And her verse tells the same tale. I suppose she is too happy to be a Jane Austen. At all events, she is too exuberant. Her interests and her world are too wide for such work as Jane Austen did. Yet there is something that strangely recalls Jane Austen in the best parts of *A Double Thread,* and there is no other living writer so far as I remember whose pages ever summon before one that great and dear memory. Throughout, the book bears the mark of a vigilant, humorous, penetrating and yet kindly and gentle mind. One stanza haunts the memory:

You never would turn your eyes to the ground
From the heaven-sent vision they once had seen;
So, ready and waiting will you be found
When the angels bring you your might have been.

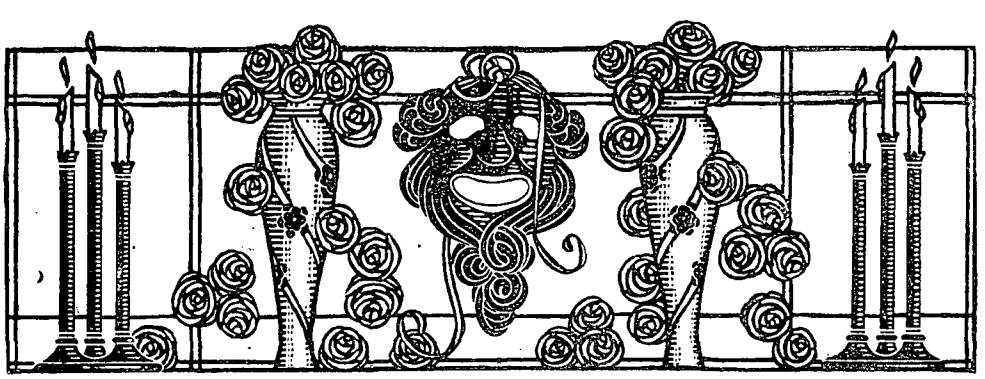
Miss Harraden's book, which you will probably have before this letter is published, is by far the most ambitious effort of the writer. It may be described in brief as the story of a mental seduction, or rather an attempt at a mental seduction, for in the end the bird escapes the fowler, and is received in better hands. Miss Harraden, who has been living much at her home in Hampstead lately, has worked gallantly on the story for many months, though seriously interrupted by illness. Now that she has completed it she will probably rest on her laurels for a time. She fully intends paying a visit to her friends in California next winter.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has practically completed his sequel to *Sentimental Tommy,* though some revision has yet to be done. He thinks at present of calling it *Tommy and Grizel,* but has found the choice of a title difficult. The story turns on literary life, and will, I have no doubt, be found among the most powerful and moving of the writer's books.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has declined very flattering offers to publish his new novel in serial form. He hopes to issue it in the autumn, but he has lost two months through a second serious attack of influenza. It may be expected, however, on this side Christmas. Mr. Swinburne has been watching with the keenest interest and pleasure his friend's success. The poet is in excellent health at the present time, but I am sorry to inform you that the rumour of his intention to visit America is absolutely without foundation.

Mr. Crockett has undergone a serious operation, the removal of a tumour in the jaw, which had troubled him for three years. The doctors are perfectly satisfied with the result, and are confident of his perfect recovery. Meanwhile, Mr. Crockett is resting. He can well afford to do this, for he must have at least five books practically ready for publication. I hope it is not indiscreet to say that Mr. Swinburne has greatly admired *Little Anna Mark,* the serial by Mr. Crockett which is now appearing in the *Cornhill.*

W. Robertson Nicoll.



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LITERARY PARIS

THE world of letters has just escaped being entirely convulsed by "l'affaire." The *Société des Gens de Lettres,* which acts as the agent of Frenchmen of letters in their intercourse with publishers, had a few weeks ago to elect its officers, and nine directors. A group of members decided that it was necessary, for the honour of French literature, that the directorate should be a unit in its sentiment about the famous case, and its advocacy of the candidacy of Jules Lemaître as President of the Society was a sufficient indication of the bias of those members. They were opposed by those of their colleagues who insisted that the introduction into the Society of anything that was not distinctly literary was sure to lead to its disruption. There were, therefore, two tickets, which should not be labelled *Dreyfus* and *Anti-Dreyfus,* but *political* and *non-political.* The latter won, and by a handsome majority, and Marcel Prévost, the author of the *Lettres de Femmes,* was elected president. His predecessor, who now retires, was Henry Houssaye, who has just won the greatest success of his brilliant literary career, with the second volume of his *1815,* devoted to the Waterloo campaign.

This book of Houssaye is only one of the many remarkable volumes which have been put out by French publishers during the last few weeks. Another is *L'Anneau d'Améthyste,* by Anatole France, which is the third volume of his satirical and realistic *Histoire Contemporaine.* It bids fair to be the last, as his hero, the now famous Professor Bergeret, leaves his provincial town in order to occupy a chair in the Sorbonne, and his no less celebrated Abbé Guitrel becomes Bishop of Tourcoing. Anatole France never wrote anything more brilliant, though the book is, perhaps, even more disconnected than its predecessors.

Another Academician has just shown greater activity than he had displayed for quite a while. I mean André Theuriet, who has given us two of his characteristic stories, *Dorine* and *Villa Tranquille.*

But the Academicians are not the only ones who have claimed of late the attention of the reading public. We owe something to others, too, including the would-be Academicians, for instance, to M. René Bazin, who gives us the most successful novel of the month, *La Terre Qui Meurt,* a strong study of the exodus of the rural population toward the cities, a phenomenon at least as striking in France as anywhere else.

Emile Faguet, who, with Paul Deschanel and Henry Fouquier, will be a competitor of René Bazin at the next Academy election, which is to take place on May 18, gives us a collection of essays, *Questions Politiques,* and promises us a new history of French literature, in two volumes, the first one of which is already in type.

Frédéric Febvre, who was for years the *doyen* of the "Comédie Française," has a clever collection of short stories, written by him, as is suggested by the title, *La Clef des Champs,* since he ceased to have any regular occupation.

To women we are indebted for a volume of notes on New England and Canada, *Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre,* of Madame Blanc-Bentzon, and a passionate novel, *Au-delà de l'amour,* by Daniel Lesueur.

I shall not be through with the novelists until I have mentioned what has been given us by the dead and what is promised by the living. The dead first: *La Revue de Paris,* in its issues of March 1, March 15, and April 1 publishes three batches of *Notes sur la Vie,* of Alphonse Daudet. No one who loves Daudet should fail to read these lines jotted

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down by him in his note-book, just as they were prompted to him by his reading or by the events of the day; some of them, consisting of only a few words, are wonderfully suggestive, this one for instance:

"L'histoire: la vie des peuples."
Le roman: la vie des hommes."

Among the interesting promises are first a novel by J. H. Rosny, *le Roman d'un Cycliste,* and not less than three volumes by the indefatigable brothers, Paul and Victor Margueritte—*Femmes Nouvelles,* the publication of which will begin in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 15; *Nos Idées,* which will appear in a daily paper, and a sequel to *Le Désastre, Les Tronçons du Glaive,* which will appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* after *Femmes Nouvelles.*

In addition to Henry Houssaye's *1815* I have to mention a number of books of importance to the historical student. Pierre de la Gorce gives us the fourth volume of his remarkable *Histoire du Second Empire.* It deals especially with the disastrous Mexican Expedition and its weakening effect on the Imperial Government. We have a very readable *Bonaparte en Egypte,* by Désiré Lacroix and a volume of interesting recollections of the period of the Franco-German war, *Prisonnier (Coblence 1870-71),* by Prince George Bibesco, who was an officer in the French army. On a period still nearer to us we have a book the very title of which is curiously indicative of the shifting character of the subject treated—namely, French politics; it is *Les Crises Ministérielles en France de 1895 à 1898,* by Léon Muel. I recommend it to all the journalists who may have to write on the same subject. Finally, I must call attention to a remarkably useful publication, the *Dictionnaire Historique et Biographique de la Révolution et de l'Empire,* in two bulky volumes, the joint labour of three well-informed and conscientious editors—Dr. Robinet, Adolphe Robert and J. Le Chaplain.

We are soon to have a volume or two of historical and literary recollections which cannot fail to be highly interesting, I mean the *Souvenirs* of Cuvillier Fleury, who was an Academician, and who had been the tutor of the late Duc d'Aumale, whom he used to call his best work.

We have not only the history of yesterday, but, with M. G. Berthelet, the history of to-morrow; his book, *Le Futur Pape,* is an excellent study of the characters among the present cardinals, whom the Italians designate by the terse expression *papabili.*

Modern society, in its various aspects, is represented in a number of striking volumes, first, *La France Intellectuelle,* by Henry Bérenger, a book of somewhat one-sided but beautifully idealistic essays. Thoroughly idealistic also is a book by a young Belgian writer, M. Fiérens-Gevaert, *La Tristesse Contemporaine.* Count Brenier de Montmorand prefers the analytical and descriptive method; his book, *La Société Française Contemporaine,* takes up the different divisions of society almost exactly as they existed before the French Revolution, "La Noblesse, le Clergé, la Bourgeoisie, le Peuple." I need hardly say that the influence of Taine can be traced all through the book, which will be welcomed by all those who have read Bodley's *France.*

Literary history and criticism are represented this month by two works of very divergent tendencies, dealing both with poetry. One comes from the pen of a poet of the modern school, Robert de Souza, and deals with a subject which has never been fully studied in France, popular poetry; its title is *La Poésie Populaire et le Lyrisme Sentimental.* The other is due to a University Professor, M. Pierre Robert, to whom we already owe a very valuable book on Racine. This time he deals not with Classicism, but with Romanticism; his purpose is to give a general tableau of Romantic Literature in two volumes; the first one, which has just appeared, deals with *Les Poètes de la Période Romantique.* The chronological boundaries of the book are marked on one side by André Chénier and by Théophile Gautier on the other. It will be followed by another volume, dealing with the prose writers of the period.

Lovers of poetry will be glad to hear that the publication of Verlaine's complete works is progressing rapidly; the second volume, which has just been published by the widow of Léon Vanier, contains six of his collections of poems, *Amour, Bonheur, Parallèlement, Chansons pour elle, Liturgis Intimes* and *Odes en son Honneur.*

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Kipling's *Jungle Book,* parts of which had appeared already in French periodicals, has now been published entire, in book form. Its reception by the French public has been all that Kipling's most enthusiastic admirers might desire, and, what is more, the book has been translated in the only way a book worth reading should be translated—by able men of letters, who have filled themselves with the spirit of the author, who understand him well, and are masters of style in their own language. Another cause for congratulation in this respect is that the French copyright law is an honest law, and that the translation just published will be the only one for sale in France until Kipling's works become public property.

In addition to many that I have mentioned above, I have to announce the forthcoming publication of a number of interesting books dealing more or less with social questions. *Les Transformations du Pouvoir,* by M. Tarde, the great sociologist; *Le Socialisme Français; son Passé, son Présent, son Avenir,* by Gustave Rouanet, one of the ablest members of the Chamber of Deputies; the Correspondence of the late François Le Play, whose sociological works are almost as well known in the United States as in France, and finally a book which is to be a kind of answer to Demolins' fulsome eulogy of the Anglo-Saxons, *Le Colosse aux Pieds d'Argile.* The author is not named, but he is known to be one of the brightest graduates of the École Normale.

While book literature has been so active, the stage, strange to say, has not been very brilliant. Bergerat's *Plus que Reine,* to be sure, is a success, but perhaps more because of Coquelin's impersonation of Napoleon than for any other reason. Richepin's *Truands* failed completely. The play represents only the exaggerated and artificial side of the author's talent, and has nothing of the quietness and love of nature which made *Le Chemineau* such a success a few years ago. Lavedan's *Le Vieux Marcheur* is only an appendix to his *Nouveau Jeu,* and is, therefore, comparatively flat for those who know the earlier play. Aicard's version of *Othello,* now acted at the Théatre Français is just out in book form.

A number of deaths have to be recorded: first, that of the veteran writer, Émile Erckmann, the surviving half of the Erckmann-Chatrian literary co-partnership. Chatrian died in 1890. Erckmann, who survived him nine years, was four years his senior. He was born in 1822. They will be remembered as the authors of the famous *Romans Nationaux,* of *L'Ami Fritz* and of *Le Juif Polonais,* the drama, the adaptation of which is known as *The Bells.*

Two men, still almost in the prime of life, have been carried away, Paul Bonnetain and Fernand Xau. Bonnetain, who died in the colonies, where he held a public office, had something of a name as a novelist, a few years ago. He was one of the five seceders from Zola's following, whose manifesto was one of the first signs of the anti-naturalistic reaction in French literature. Xau was the editor of *Le Journal,* which he had made one of the best Parisian newspapers, from a literary standpoint. He gathered contributors of different shades of opinions and marshalled his forces with a great deal of skill, never allowing a dull or uninteresting issue to appear.

George Sand's daughter, Madame Clesinger, and Michelet's widow are also dead. Their passing away is of interest only because of their kinship to and connection with two great writers.

Adolphe Cohn.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

Miss Carolyn Wells writes us a letter, in which, after saying some unpleasant things, she pays a compliment to our ingenuity by preferring the following request:

I want you, please, to manufacture a word for me. I want a word that shall mean a bit of light verse that is *not* a poem. "Jingle" seems to mean a child-rhyme. *Vers de société* is abstract and French besides. "Pome" rather expresses what I mean, at least, to the minds of some people, but I suppose it is incompatible with Enlightenment.

Now, don't suggest any term already known, for I have tried them all; but invent or evolve a new word that can be made to mean an unpretentious but not all unworthy bit of rhyme.

Instead of at once acceding to this request, we should like to call upon our readers for suggestions, and shall be glad to augment the vocabulary of the English language by giving publicity to any new coinages that may seem to be worthy of introduction. In enlisting the interest of our correspondents in this matter, we shall be able to give Miss Wells an opportunity to choose from a number of suggestions, and we shall also gain some advantage ourselves in diverting the ingenuity of our critics away from the task of inventing complicated problems with which to embarrass us.

II.

Writing in another periodical not long ago, we used the expression "a female student." Some one has written us objecting to this expression, but we think that our critic is slightly mixed in her ideas. Suppose we had said "a male student," would this have appeared to be objectionable? Of course, it is not a good thing to say "a female" when you mean a woman, but when you use the word as an adjective in order to define a noun, then it is entirely proper.

III.

A lady who signs her letter "Valeria S." writes us several pages of most delightful *persiflage,* and incidentally observes that she would like to know our attitude toward Nordau; as to which we may say that at the time when *Degeneration* appeared we expressed our opinion in THE BOOKMAN at considerable length, and we see no particular reason for modifying anything that we said at that time. In fact, we rather pride ourselves on the belief that the final verdict upon Nordau is substantially identical with that which we set forth two years ago. We should be glad if Valeria S. would send us her full name and address for our personal information, inasmuch as her letter enclosed two manuscripts, one of which we shall be glad to use in THE BOOKMAN.

IV.

A lady who writes from Westboro, Missouri, sends us a few lines, which we print here so as to let her know that we have received them. We are sure that she is a lady, from the appearance of her chirography, and more especially because she has constructed her sentence in the form of a mild request instead of using the imperative mood. This is what she says:

Will you please go to the devil and take your everlasting self-conceit and infamous injustice to women with you?

V.

A gentleman in Tacoma, Washington, calls our attention to several split infinitives that he has found in back numbers of THE BOOKMAN. To this we say, as we have occasionally said before, that these always occur in the writings of our contributors rather than in our own, and that they found their way into our columns because of our unsuspecting and confiding nature, which sometimes gets us into trouble like this. Instead of blam-

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ing us, however, for the split infinitives that escape our notice, our correspondent ought to give us some credit for the numerous ones that we detect and carefully unsplit each month. The following postscript from the letter is given as a sort of *obiter dictum:*

If you have any influence with the Pope, please request him to hire a young man to edit the numerous infinitives in the translation of his recent letter on Americanism.

VI.

A correspondent writing in pencil from Indianapolis sends us three pages on the subject of the kiss which Roxane gives Christian in *Cyrano de Bergerac.* He goes into some very metaphysical and emotional subtleties as to whether Cyrano really enjoyed the kiss more than Christian did, that is to say, in an altruistic, vicarious way. Apparently he wants to know our opinion on the subject, but how are we going to find out who enjoyed the kiss most? On general principles, however, we should say that the man who got the kiss enjoyed it rather more than the man who saw him get it. At least, that is the way the average emotional nature would work. The same writer also advances the theory that Cyrano was a "degenerate," adding this remark:

Some of us are sick of that word "degenerate" and want to get back to the plain word "brute."

Yes, but "degenerate" and "brute" are two very different things. However, we quite agree that the word "degenerate" is being overworked, and that it is often used, as in this case, with a total misapprehension of its scientific meaning.

VII.

Our article on "The Little Touches" is still bringing us in more letters than we can conveniently answer. One correspondent has this to say:

Does the author of that article number among his "certain detestable phrases" the use of the word "presented" in making people known to one another? It would seem that in his adoption of the formula he himself authorises its use. Yet are not the English in the right when they laugh at us for this, on the ground that one is "presented" to royalty, etc., but ordinary people are "introduced," the latter word describing the real fact, that they are made known the one to the other, while in the former case a person is "presented" to the Queen, who, presumably, does not need to be made known to him?

As to this we would say that "presented" is the accepted expression in this country, and that as every American woman is a queen, the English are wrong in finding any inconsistency in our use of the word.

VIII.

A lady in Denver writes as follows:

I have always imagined Mr. William Dean Howells to be the best authority; yet he speaks of "silk hats" in a half dozen different novels. For instance, in *Ragged Lady,* chapter 34.

Yes, and Mr. Howells, in his novel called *A Modern Instance,* speaks of "gentlemen friends." As a matter of fact, Mr. Howells is a very eminent and charming novelist, but we have never seen any reason to suppose that he is to be especially regarded as an authority on the use of English.

IX.

Some one in Parkersburg, West Virginia, objects to our comparatively low estimate of Mr. Kipling's story entitled "The Ship that Found Herself," adding:

There is a deeper meaning in this story than what appears upon the surface. I consider this artistic story an allegory. Would that each man and woman in the world could find himself and herself, and that each of the numerous, petty, whining voices within us would cease as individual voices and would blend into one grand, noble song!

As to the allegory theory we have nothing to say; but we hardly think that any number of petty, whining voices, no matter how blended, would result in a grand, noble song. Wouldn't it be simply a bigger and more portentous whine?

X.

A publisher in this city has paid us the compliment of reading THE BOOKMAN very minutely, with the obvious purpose of finding something to complain of. He has been successful. Witness the following:

In THE BOOKMAN for March, you state that "M. Rod will have reached these shores by the time this is in the hands of our readers." Why

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do you state this so positively in view of the uncertainties attending his reaching these shores? Are you in communication with the Ruler of the waves? Again, on page 91, in speaking of books published in 1898, you use the word "new additions," when you should have said "new editions."

We are too utterly crushed by these criticisms to make any reply whatever. Just think what a mind we have run up against!

XI.

From Manhattan, Illinois, proceed some further observations on "The Little Touches." Our correspondent thinks, for example, that "linguistic earmark of a class" is a solecism, by which he probably means that it involves a mixture of metaphors. This, of course, is true, if one always uses words with reference to their etymology, but very few of us do that. The same writer also indites the following:

I observe that it is permissible for the enlightened to say: "It is me." Under very, very "colloquial" conditions may we also say: "I have went"?

Certainly, one might say, "I have went" if he did it with an obviously humorous intention; and, of course, no one would by any possibility do it with any other sort of intention.

"WHEN DOGWOOD BRIGHTENS THE GROVES OF SPRING"

When dogwood brightens the groves of spring
  And the gold of the jasmine gleams,
When mating birds in the forest sing,
  Ah! that is the time for dreams,
For thoughts of love that are always new—
  Though old as the ancient world—
Forever fresh as the May-time dew
  In the breast of the rose impearled.

When timid green on the thorn-tree grows—
  Like love at the verge of hate—
And air from the apple orchard flows
  Through the springtide's open gate;
When drowsy winds o'er the lilies pass,
  And the wings of the thrush are shy;
When violets bloom in the new-born grass,
  With the tints of a tropic sky;

When jonquils borrow the sun's warm ray,
  And the woodbine lures the bee;
When the heart that was once a waif and stray
  Returns like a ship from sea—
Ah! that is the time that no man grieves
  Who woos with the wooing dove,
For the hearts of men and the hearts of leaves
  Are throbbing with hope and love!

William Hamilton Payne.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON. New York: John Lane. $2.50

Mr. Watson has selected the poems he thinks most worthy, and given them to us in this volume. His choice must coincide very nearly with that which each of his many admirers would have made. Most of us are probably glad she has omitted "The Eloping Angels," but there will be a good deal of regret that "The Prince's Quest" does not appear. Some very trivial verses have been let in. The inclusion of "The New National Anthem" is amazing, and we could have done without some of the complimentary poems. "The Tomb of Burns" is of unrelieved respectability, and would not have been missed. But perhaps his supplementary rule in selection has been, something of everything.

It is too late and too soon to set down rigid judgments on Mr. Watson. His work up to the present time is easily known. No great barrier of new ideas, or of new ideals, or difficult or chaotic expression, stands between him and the reading public. He shares the general tastes and interests far more than do the other poets of his time. It is easy enough to sum him up just now, but your summary is sure to need revision erelong. No feature of his work is more marked than his growth, not in power of expression, but in grasp of ideas. He has wider horizons now, by moments at least; though they are oftener obscured by cloud than they used to be. He is a poet of considerable achievement, who should have most of his work before him. What we owe him now is not judgment, but acknowledgment for what he has already done well. First, to his articulateness all praise—though this quality is not growing with the growth of thought. But his early success should keep an ideal before him, from which may he never swerve far, for in a limited sphere he has been a master. High praise is likewise due to him in that he is nowise afraid of the obvious that is humanly interesting, or of the obviously serious. There is no superior air about him. He has made himself a real power by giving clear, melodious, vigorous voice to certain of the best ideas of the time. Tennyson in his greater degree only did the same.

In the "Apologia" he manfully defends his position, his themes, his temperament.

> And unto such as think all Art is cold,
> All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
> An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
> With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
> Be it enough to say, that in Man's life
> Is room for great emotions unbegot
> Of dalliance and embracement.

But neither that nor any other part of the "Apologia" describes his achievement, only his ideals. Mr. Watson is sometimes better than his ideals. In "Wordsworth's Grave" and in "Laleham Churchyard" he is following these, and it may be that they are so characteristic of his normal genius that his best work of the future will be on some such lines—better lines after all than those of the rhetorical "Lachrymæ Musarum." But it is the unexpected in Mr. Watson that delights. He has aspired to be the clear-voiced poet, the austere poet, the poet of international morality, and has nobly earned respect thereby. But now and again he has simply been the poet inevitable, with the gift of song. Let "Wordsworth's Grave" be accounted characteristic. The "Ode in May" cannot be a mere freak. For material it has only a thought profound yet quite common, joined to exaltation in the beauty of the earth. But it has true lyric force and verve. Not a full stream yet in Mr. Watson, this lyric one, perhaps, but the wells of it are within him.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE. By G. Bernard Shaw. Chicago and New York: H. S. Stone & Co $1.25.

What tremors and flutters will Mr. Shaw's commentary cause in Wagner sanctuaries! Those coteries from which the breath of the rude, prosaic world of commerce and politics is carefully shut out, where the only practical considerations that ever trouble the minds of the members are the placing of an operatic orchestra and the construction of the ideal Festival Playhouse, will be shaken and angry. For Mr. Shaw, with his overwhelming cleverness, his remarkable ingenuity, has been un-

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dermining their calm foundations, breaking down their protecting walls, and accusing them of most culpable imperfections as Wagnerites. The Perfect Wagnerite is a Revolutionist—not a man of barricades and dynamite, of course, but a mildly, persistently subversive Fabian. Now, no harm will be done if the calm comfort of the Wagner sanctuaries be disturbed by blasts from the rough outer world. But if Mr. Shaw's treatise be successful—and it is far too clever to miss its effect—there will be another and a more distressing result. If the "Ring" be merely the Fabian programme clothed in a garment of German legend and beautiful music, Wagnerism will be recruited from new circles, from the serious political moralists, from such members of Socialist clubs as have no concern at all with art and music. Yet art and music will now seem very practical matters indeed. Every Labour Congress will have its bust of the Master, and to his leit motifs will be sung election songs. Up and down the country his name will be bandied on political platforms. Wagner will become an intolerable bore—worse than Browning threatened to be in the hands of the societies. And there will be a tremendous strengthening of the idea—always too strong among us—that art, no matter how it adds to the joy and beauty in the world, is, after all, a frivolous matter, unless it furthers some definite end of public good or private morals. The Perfect Wagnerite will be he who, knowing just enough of music to distinguish "God Save the Queen" from "Yankee Doodle," will now fervently hold that in the list of the world's great artists Beethoven cannot hold a candle to Wagner.

Mr. Shaw builds on a kind of foundation, of course. Wagner was a Revolutionist, and suffered for his opinions in 1848. He had some kind of Revolutionary ideas in his head when he wrote the "Ring." He didn't quite know what he meant, and so, like the great musician he was, put all his genius and energy into the music. Mr. Shaw obligingly tells him what he meant—the Fabian programme. He is aggressively cocksure about it; tells the unmusical folk he addresses that the musical critics are ignoramuses if they venture to contradict him. But the musical critics will continue audaciously to assert that he is ingeniously, brilliantly, amusingly wrong. No one, however, can afford to miss his commentary. We have found it delightful reading. He catches your attention at once either in clearing up the muddled narrative of the dramas, or in drawing their moral. The account of the "Rheingold" begins thus: "Let me assume for a moment that you are a young and good-looking woman. Try to imagine yourself in that character at Klondike five years ago," and so forth. This is how he explains the helmet forged by Mime for Alberic. It is "a very common article in our streets, where it generally takes the form of a tall hat. It makes a man invisible as a shareholder, and changes him into various shapes, such as a pious Christian, a subscriber to hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a model husband and father, a shrewd, practical, independent Englishman and what not, when he is really a pitiful parasite in the commonwealth, consuming a great deal, and producing nothing, feeling nothing, knowing nothing, believing nothing and doing nothing except what all the rest do, and that only because he is afraid not to do it, or at least pretend to do it."

As an isolated treatise on public morality Mr. Shaw's little book is admirable. As a commentary it is a piece of serious-minded impertinence. Only a writer undisturbed by the faintest glimmering of imagination could have written anything of such unrivalled cleverness and such plausible ingenuity.

MARYSIENKA. By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. With a Portrait. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

The preface to M. Waliszewski's latest book contains his literary manifesto. He has always acted on the principle it embodies; but it is convenient to have it expressed by himself. He thinks present-day historians are on a wrong tack. They are not much more accurate than those of past times, and they are generally quite unreadable. "The endeavour to assimilate our knowledge, and the certainties we may draw therefrom, to the knowledge and the certainties of physical and chemical science, has always appeared to me a rash and hopeless undertaking." When you have ransacked every available document you cannot be sure of arriving at the kind of truth which an astronomer is bound to arrive at if he knows his business. "Historical truth seems to me to depend far more on intuition than on actual study, and therefore I am tempted to say of my profession what the great modern German has said of his, 'It is more of an art than a science.'" M. Waliszewski is a strenuous document hunter, an eager searcher among archives "as dusty as could be desired." But he is an artist. He might have been a great novelist; and believing as we do in the principle of his manifesto, we can pay him as historian no higher compliment. Military plans and politi-

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cal documents are as empty chaff to the historian unless he is a shrewd and profound student of human nature.

Marysienka had the luck to have an impassioned lover in her husband, John Sobieski. Half the attraction of the book consists of his strange love-story and the fresh study of his personality. Were ever such letters as his written before? Modelled on the language of Scudéry, they yet burn with living fire. He was tricked, flouted, insulted, a thousand times; a thousand times he returned. Even after he discovered the iciness, the perfidy of his wife, he forgave, he hoped; he expected a miracle where Marysienka was concerned. Not an immaculate husband, but one of the great lovers of history was Sobieski. In love and in war he was Poland incarnate—endlessly heroic, feverishly ardent, ready for death at any moment and incapable of reaping any lasting advantages from all his efforts. And this not merely from disinterestedness; indolence, lack of restraint, lack of consecutive plans, were causes, too. What remains of the book is deeply painful; for it is the tale of Poland on the brink of the abyss, from which no national hero could save her—the victim of all her great neighbours, and in the pay of each, a hot-bed of intrigue, bribery, treachery. Anarchy was everywhere. French and German gold was begged and filched and scattered. Shameful bargains were entered into, and none at all were kept. It is a story indescribably complex. We thread a labyrinth under M. Waliszewski's guidance, but our brains reel with the winding of the ways—such shabby, sordid ways! And with inexhaustible heroism and nobility waiting and wasted the while. This historian, and he is a Pole by birth, will have it that no nationality could now be hoped for. Again and again he paints the grandeur and the impossibleness of his people. "Poland was fated by heaven to live on heroism, and to die of it." The saviour of Vienna could not save his own land. And for himself—even but a little time after his triumph before the eyes of all Europe—he gave up everything noble and dignified, almost his humanity, and hid behind the bushes of his park, if some one came on urgent business to their king.

PITT: Some Chapters of His Life and Times. By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.00.

This is one of the tantalising books which, once begun, have to be finished. It is not only easy, but pleasant to read; for it is in every way handsome. Eleven portraits are given; their number and quality are unusual in these degenerate days, some of the reproductions being very beautiful. Lord Ashbourne prints numerous letters ranging over the whole of Pitt's life, which he has selected from various collections, notably that at Orwell Park, containing all the MSS. of Dr. Pretyman (afterwards Bishop Tomline), one of Pitt's tutors, and his life-long friend. Of these the most amusing are the Bishop's correspondence with his wife about Mr. Pitt's criticism on a draught sermon (pp. 345-350). Eliza had evidently inspired, if not written the discourse, for she seems to know it by heart, and is rather nettled at the great man's quibbles. "*His* suggestions have, as they ought, *very, very* great weight with me; but I cannot *implicitly* bend my *mind* (though I should my *vote*) to his judgment." The selections from the letters of Pitt's mother to her son and his tutor Wilson (now in Earl Stanhope's possession) are disappointing. One would have expected Temple's sister to write a better letter. But she is merely fussy, sprightly in a small way, and entirely without distinction. Whether writing about Master William's cough, or, twenty years later, the Prime Minister's gout, the excellent Baroness fails to dazzle. The chapters on Pitt's youth give many new facts, but I think none of them are worth remembering. Chapter IV. is really important, as it contains certain very valuable letters on the Commercial Resolutions, and throws some new light on that vexed point in Pitt's career. That on Fitzwilliam is also important, some of the letters being conclusive. It is curious how fatally the tide is turning, as fresh documents are published, against that pitiful stalking horse of the Foxites. Pert, vain, weak and untrustworthy—his character is stamped on his portrait. It was indeed so well understood as to be taken as a sufficient excuse for the astounding impudence, the base treachery, and the monkey tricks he flaunted during his short reign in Ireland. However, nothing can excuse Pitt's weakness in appointing him. We find some strong, characteristic letters from the great Earl of Clare, but the chapter devoted to him tells us but a fraction of what we would like to know about the greatest statesman and truest patriot Ireland has produced—whose statue, by the way, was destroyed not so many years ago by his grateful countrymen.

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NOVEL NOTES

WINDYHAUGH. By Graham Travers (Margaret G. Todd, M.D.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

In her earlier work Miss Todd showed convincingly enough that she had that faculty for telling a story in an interesting fashion which, apart from every other merit or demerit, is sufficient to command at least a transient popularity. It remained to be seen whether she could write work that would last, write not merely a "nice" book, but a strong book—write literature. It seems to us that in *Windyhaugh* she has gone a long way toward doing so. She sees clearly and describes accurately, and her standpoint is rational, human and sane. The opening chapters describing the doctrinal difficulties and religious struggles of a solitary girl-child, brought up by a severe grandmother under the strictest rule of Scottish orthodoxy, are as true a picture of child-life under certain conditions as could be given. It is commoner than might be supposed for a child reared in an atmosphere of theology to spend sleepless nights in terror of the Day of Judgment, and weary, worried days in the grip of the mysteries of Predestination. And all Wilhelmina's subsequent development is equally true and convincing. Her letter to Enid, declining her invitation and renouncing worldly vanities, is simply perfect—the inevitable outcome of her character and her upbringing. Then, again, she wears her heart upon her sleeve, not from any lack of reserve in her nature, but from simple ignorance of the art of coquetry, and her adoration for a clever but somewhat priggish youth is one of the most natural touches in the book. His attitude to her is equally well done. The superior tone at first, half interest and half patronage, the sudden affection for—well, for a pink muslin frock, and the subsequent discovery that adoration in a tasteless gown becomes wearisome, have all the same inevitableness. He is a somewhat thin-blooded and puny-hearted youth, this Harley Brentwood, though conscientious and undeniably a gentleman (except for a somewhat doubtful letter to his sister). No doubt Wilhelmina's passionate nature and intellectual force would have found a more fitting mate in Carmichael, the minister; but it is to the credit of Miss Todd's insight that the story develops as it does. The motto of the book might well have been the old saying, "Men love kneeling; when they get up they go away," and the latter part shows how Wilhelmina brought her husband to this becoming attitude.

There are several excellent character studies besides Harley and Wilhelmina. That of the girl's father, George Galbraith, is stronger than either—is perhaps the best bit of work in the book. Enid, the lady of fashion and luxury, is well realised, and there is an old grocer at Windyhaugh whose theology, in its influence upon the heroine, provides the salt and savour of the whole book. It is in character drawing that Miss Todd excels, but she by no means fails in the other accessories of her work. She can represent widely differing sets of circumstances with fidelity and skill; she can be entertaining, she can be moving, she can even be sarcastic when occasion requires. We congratulate her upon this new proof of her steadily developing power.

THE WHEEL OF GOD. By George Egerton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

Keynotes and *Discords* were so peculiarly vivid, so sharply outlined, that it is rather a surprise to find this new work misty, vague and far-off. The difference is all the more noticeable, too, because this is a continuous story—if its hazy, wandering psychology may be so deescribed—whereas the author's power has heretofore been brilliantly shown in a series of disconnected character studies. It would seem indeed as if she—like Mr. Kipling—were surest on the short stretch. It would also seem that following him further, she has sought unsuccessfully to invent uninteresting features of American life with fictional values that American readers cannot concede. As Mr. Kipling has laboured in vain with the least noteworthy types of the New England coast, so has George Egerton struggled with the shop-girl element of the cheap boarding-house

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life of New York. The foreign atmosphere of the story is more agreeably realised, although the heroine—the frail, little, helpless creature bound to God's Wheel—crosses and recrosses the ocean till one hardly knows where to find her. The story also travels back and forth and gets on but slowly. It is true that during the progress of it the girl grows from childhood to womanhood, and marries an elderly man because she does not know what else to do, and when her husband dies marries a young man, because he asks her, and when *he* dies turns her eyes toward a third—"but no one had given her what her soul craved," and her last decision is that "The men we women of to-day need, or who need us, are not of our time—it lies in the mothers to rear them for the women who follow us." It is hard indeed to find any more satisfaction in the work than the woman of the story finds in life. It drifts like a mist in a changing wind, and only a stray paragraph now and then recalls the winged shafts of *Keynotes* and *Discords*, which sped on to the heart as they darted to the mind.

GOD'S PRISONER. By John Oxenham. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

A blacker tale than this is in the beginning, and for perhaps two thirds of its length, rarely falls under the reviewer's eyes. In the opening pages a murder is committed under particularly atrocious circumstances, and the gruesome details are described with horrible minuteness. It would be unendurable reading but for the good quality of its writing, a strength and firmness which give a certain dignity, lifting the work out of the list of the penny dreadful. This straightforward, calm manner continues to hold the wild yarn steady through the improbable events following the initial tragedy, making it appear within bounds of possibility that ships could be lost and the right man saved—*ad infinitum*—as the progress of the story seems to require. This is the impression of the first two thirds of the book. Afterward the work begins to take on a new character, to grow firm and rather psychological. The murderer—whose soul is God's Prisoner, but whose body is free—wanders from side to side, and from end to end of the earth, seeking the peace that can never be found. But, after a time, he does find a measure of relief in doing good and in self-sacrifice—where real happiness must perhaps always be found. Toward the close of the story love comes for the first time into the murderer's life, "and the heart of the man, with its fuller knowledge and its more sorrowful experiences, was humbled to the dust, yet lifted up to heaven, and the soul of him swelled with thoughts beyond the telling."

I, THOU AND THE OTHER ONE. By Amelia E. Barr.. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Barr's new novel is a story of English political life early in the closing century, when the country was torn by the struggle for Reform. The tale has a semi-historical aspect, the great statesmen of the time figure in it incidentally, and there is more than one reference to a young man named Tennyson, who just began writing poetry. But in this, as in almost all of the author's work, the interest centres in the family life and in the small group of lovable, simple, honest, normal men and women. It might seem at first glance as if one of the little group of characters—"the other one"—stood rather outside this description. But, on more careful reading, Annabel Vyner shows to be quite as true, if not truer to life than the more perfect Rose Atheling. Vanity and coquetry are neither abnormal nor unpardonable in a young and beautiful heiress, and even in the incident of the ring—out of which grows much misunderstanding and suffering—Annabel is thoughtless rather than wicked. At any rate, it is she, and not the flawless Rose, who will win and hold the sympathy, as well as the interest, of the average reader. The young men of the story are not quite so distinct. The squire, with his noisy blustering, his fine, big body, his dauntless spirit, unafraid before the world, but a shorn lamb in the hands of his gentle little wife, is one of those characterisations that have made the charm and the popularity of much of Mrs. Barr's good, true work.

MAMMY'S REMINISCENCES AND OTHER SKETCHES. Martha S. Gielow. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.00.

This book, a collection of eleven short sketches which have been used by the author for public readings, is rather disappointing on the whole, for one is lead by the title and preface to expect a certain atmosphere and daintiness of execution that is not apparent. Mrs. Gielow has evidently known the negro as he was, but has known him only in the abstract. Her idea of her characters, from an impressionist point of view, is fairly good, but they are only pictures; the life, the effervescence of the real old-time negro is missing,

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the dramatic quality is absent, and consequently there is a lack of motive, and that subtle sympathy which must exist between "Mammy" and those who love her is not felt in the majority of the sketches. But in several of the delineations there is a glimpse of quaint humour, and the contrasts are well brought out, notably in "De Pianner Juett" and "Seein' Sperrits." In some respects the book will strongly appeal to the average reader, but one may safely say that Mrs. Gielow has not yet given us her best work.

A LITTLE TURNING ASIDE. By Barbara Yechton. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company.

In these days, when realism and "art-for-art's sake" have between them conspired to send cold chills down one's spine at the sight of a book in the hands of one's young daughters, it is distinctly satisfactory to know at least one author whom we can trust to amuse without defiling their maiden meditations. Such a writer is Barbara Yechton, whose latest story, *A Little Turning Aside,* lies before us, in a cover rather over-brilliant, yet not unattractive. It is the history of a self-willed young artist, who prefers art to duty, as most of us do, whether old or young, who are able to make the choice. Hetty's career, with its "little turning aside," is well and interestingly told, and her peculiar measure of poetic justice is one which we do not remember to have met before in fiction, though it is known in medicine. The tender little love-story will win the hearts of girl readers, who can scarcely fail to benefit by the lessons which life impressed upon Hetty. We are glad to know that the book is meeting with the reception which it deserves.

HILDA, A STORY OF CALCUTTA. By Sara Jeanette Duncan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Hilda was the leading lady of the principal theatre in Calcutta, and we are told that at times she had a "look in her eyes that divorced her at a stroke from anything that could have spoken to him of too general an accessibility, too unthinking a largesse, and that "she looked attentively at the red heart of her cigarette crisped over with gray, in its blackened calyx." But in spite of this remarkable description, Hilda is very much like any other actress; she is both good and bad. Eventually she wields a spell over one Stephen Arnold, a priest belonging to the Order of St. Barnabas, and when she finds that he will not break his vows for her she becomes a Sister on probation, and has the satisfaction of holding him in her arms when he dies. Although Hilda is intended to be the "leading lady" of the story, we find ourselves very much more interested in the Salvation Army girl, Laura Filbert, and the author is certainly at her best when depicting life in the "Army." We can judge something of the Salvationists' point of view from the following conversation between Mrs. Sand and Laura, when the former has observed that an outsider has been making advances to their "captain."

"Don't, on any account, have him put his arm round your waist."

"Nobody has done that to me," Laura replied, austerely, "since I left Putney, and so long as I am in the Army nobody will. Not that Mr. Lindsay would ever want to. The class he belongs to look down on it."

"The class he belongs to do worse things. The Army doesn't look down on it. It's only nature, and the Army believes in working with nature. If it was Mr. Harris that wanted such a thing, I wouldn't say a word—he marches under the Lord's banner."

On the whole, however, the author of *An American Girl in London* has not added any lustre to her reputation. Her descriptions are wearisome; most of her characters are mere phantoms; and we are frequently disturbed by her pedantic and laboured style, which obscures the meaning of what is intended to be conveyed to the mind of the reader.

A WEST POINT WOOING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.25.

A West Point Wooing will doubtless find many readers; first because Miss Burnham's simple love-stories are always popular, and second because there is nothing so fascinating to the average young woman as the romantic side of life at West Point. The heroes and heroines in these short stories are nearly all very young, and the heroes make love in the usual boyish fashion, with "May I kiss you?" or "Will you marry me?" upon their lips after the second or third meeting. But they are all nice, healthy young people, and sex problems or any other vexed questions never enter their dear heads. The first five stories deal with West Point, and they are all more or less alike, while among the others we think that "The Subjugation of Miss Blaine" is perhaps the best. In this story we get away from the conventional love affair, and become interested in a crusty old maid, whose real womanly nature is developed by coming in contact with a child, who creeps into her heart unawares—another proof that the mother love is the pre-

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dominant trait in every woman's character. And so it is well for the young girl to read Miss Burnham's books occasionally, and to turn aside yet a little longer from the real problems of life.

THE SILVER CROSS. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

It is to be hoped that novel readers are not always guided in their choice of reading by the titles alone, for if so some will be apt to pass by *The Silver Cross,* thinking it a Sunday-school publication of especial interest to the King's Daughters. And that would be a pity! With this book Mr. Keightley deserves to take a place in the present day romantic school of fiction, of which Stanley Weyman was the pioneer. The author has woven into his plot the *intrigante,* Madame de Chevreuse, the Cardinal (Mazarin this time), the beautiful "Brown Eyes," for whose sake the Vicomte de Fontanges runs all sorts of risks, and, perhaps, more interesting than all, M. de Barrymore, who is described as being "The soul of truth and candour, for, no matter how far he might wander from fact, he always implicitly believed his own story; he would go a thousand miles to help a friend, and so long as he lived afterward would remind him of the obligation; he would share his last, or almost his last, crust with you, and borrow your last shirt; he would never malign an acquaintance in his absence, do him an ill service or turn the cold shoulder upon him in adversity, unless, when the exigencies of his own advantages imperatively demanded it, and even then with pain and a sense of shame." Mr. Keightley has not attempted to portray a hero, or a man who is filled with any grand and noble sentiments, but in M. de Barrymore and the Vicomte de Fontanges he has created two very natural sort of men, both full of humour and wit, and ready for any emergency. Perhaps Fontanges is a little reminiscent of Dumas's D'Artagnan, but he is none the less attractive for that. His love scenes with "Brown Eyes" are very dainty, without being absurdly sentimental or impossibly romantic, and they very naturally form the most charming feature of the story. Of course we cannot be expected to take the romantic school too seriously in these psychological days, but when a story proves to be as entertaining as *The Silver Cross,* it should by no means be passed by.

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

California seems to be a fertile field for the novelist, and we in the East, blessed with the opportunities afforded by our advanced civilisation, should certainly take an interest in our less fortunate brothers in the far West struggling against heavy odds to gain for themselves equal privileges. It is a San Juan ranch in Southern California that forms the principal background in *The Procession of Life,* which "procession" is often a disappointment to those in line. Esther Slumber had two lovers, an English gentleman, Guy Warrender, and a hard-working farmer, Jeff Barber. Esther was fair to look upon, although we are told that she once had "lavender-coloured shadows beneath her eyes," and through all her life she is sweet and true and lovable. In direct opposition to her own little world she marries the farmer, and for years helps him in his struggles with poverty. Yet even when he is "halting wearily in the rear of the procession" he counts himself a rich man, for he has always with him the sustaining help of a loving wife. Her sister, on the other hand, has all the material things to make life happy. She marries Guy Warrender, in the face of his confession that he will love Esther to the end of his days; but she is one of those women who willingly accept a man's half-devotion, and then spends the rest of her life in being jealous of the other woman and in making her husband generally uncomfortable. We have the author to thank, however, for saving Esther and Guy from any real wrong-doing, for at times we feel that they are treading upon very thin ice—so thin that we wonder it does not break under the pressure that is brought to bear upon it. But Esther loves her husband through it all, and she almost convinces us that friendship for a man other than one's husband is possible and even helpful at times. Mr. Vachell's story is full of human interest; his many characters are admirably handled; his contrasts are effective, and his dialogue is often bright and epigrammatic. We are no longer satisfied to read on the last page, "and they lived happily ever after," but we want to know *how* they lived and what were the causes that contributed to their happiness. And so each time that we catch a real glimpse of human nature, whether in literature or in life, we hope we are just a little the wiser for that glimpse.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, April 1, 1899.

March publications came quite up to expectations both as to numbers and quality. Not only were there good novels, but several works on miscellaneous subjects, notably, the first volume of *England in the Nineteenth Century,* by Justin McCarthy, in the Story of the Nations Series; *The Life of Edwin M. Stanton,* by George C. Gorham, and *How to Know the Ferns,* by Mrs. Dana. The list of fiction for the month includes titles by such well-known authors as S. R. Crockett, A. Conan Doyle, and George W. Cable; also *I, Thou and the Other One,* by Amelia E. Barr; *The Confounding of Camelia,* by Anne D. Sedgwick, and *A Trooper Galahad,* by Captain Charles King.

Notwithstanding the immediate good sales of the above and other recent books the best sales continued to be made from titles mentioned in previous letters. *David Harum* was again easily the leader, increasing in demand; *Mr. Dooley,* after a slight relapse, as noted last month, renewed its sale, and is now a good second. *The Day's Work* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* are also in particularly good demand, while *The Battle of the Strong, Red Rock* and *Ragged Lady* are worthy of special mention.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett has proved particularly acceptable, being in continuous call since its publication. *With Kitchener to Khartum, The Story of France,* Volume I., and *Wild Animals I Have Known* are also selling readily.

The sale of what are termed limited editions, generally consisting of one hundred thousand copies, in paper binding, of books which have already, in cloth editions, reached large sales, is now becoming a noticeable feature of the business. *The Christian, Phroso, The Choir Invisible* and others are already on the market, and *A Lady of Quality* and *The Forest Lovers* are announced. Whether or not such editions tend to increase the demand for the regular edition is an open question, but the rebinding of these in cloth, to be sold at much less than the original publishers' edition, as has been the case lately with *The Christian,* and as was done quite largely a number of years ago with E. P. Roe's works, must necessarily affect the sales of the more expensive book.

There has been a material falling off in the sales of war literature, even the recent publications by well-known authorities not coming up to expectations. A similar lack of interest is also noticeable in the case of the dramatised works, which have during the past months been so prominent.

Spring trade on the whole has improved considerably over that of recent years, many reporting substantial increase, and this is especially remarkable in the supplying of libraries, from which orders continue to come in surprising quantities, thus providing a market for many books which would hardly reach a profitable sale if dependent alone upon individual purchases.

The books most in demand during the past month are as follows:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Young Mistley. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

I, Thou and the Other One. By Amelia E. Barr. $1.25.

The Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Each $1.50.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. $1.75.

Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. Two vols. $5.00.

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, April 1, 1899.

The present business situation does not afford any ground for complaint, and considered in all its aspects it must be conceded that the demand is livelier and stronger than it has been for a long time. The old favourites in literature are being widely read and reread; new books are welcomed and bought freely, and judging from the generous call for all classes of books the literary desires of the community are being indulged to the fullest extent.

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The honours of the month were again borne off by *David Harum,* the call for which is almost without precedent.

Reports of business in cities throughout the West are remarkably good, especially those that emanate from the neighbourhood of the Pacific Coast. Dealers are said to be buying freely, and are optimistic when speaking of the prospects of future business.

Ian Maclaren's visit to this city last month had an accelerating influence upon the sales of his various books. *Afterwards* was the one most in demand, the next in order of precedence being *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*

Mr. Dooley continues to sell exceedingly well and so does *When Knighthood was in Flower.* The demand for *Red Rock* was also very good.

The continued cold weather and the consequent lateness of the spring is holding back the usual demand at this season for outdoor books, such as works on Gardening, Farming, Agriculture, Natural History, and so forth. With the advent of warmer weather, however, the call will certainly come and with it, it is to be hoped, the usual ratio of increase.

There was little that was remarkable in the sales of the new books received last month. Crockett's *Black Douglas* was one of the best, followed closely by *Strong Hearts,* by George W. Cable, and *I, thou and the Other One,* by Amelia E. Barr.

Stories of the Civil War that are really meritorious usually command a good sale, and by reason of this *The Song of the Rappahannock,* by Ira Seymour Dodd, published last month, should go very well.

Kipling's works are being called for at present more frequently than those of any other author. *The Day's Work,* on account of its being the most recent, is the favourite, and of the older books *The Seven Seas, Barrack-Room Ballads, Departmental Ditties* and the Jungle books enjoy the greater demand.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's *Lyrics of the Hearthside* was welcomed by the trade last month. Every bookseller knows, some of them to their sorrow, that there is no lack of poetry nowadays, but very little of it is salable; hence any book of this class, for which a good demand may be safely anticipated, is gladly received.

Quite a number of books showed an increased sale last month, the most prominent examples being *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys, Prisoners of Hope* and *Aylwin.*

The statistics of books sold during the month show the following to be the leaders:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gulielma Zollinger. $1.25.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50

Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

A West Point Wooing. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 2 vols. $5.00.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

Strong Hearts. By George W. Cable. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Feb. 20 to March 18, 1899.

In former years this period was generally known in the publishing trade as the "dead season," for after the rush of the Christmas supply a comparative lull ensued and a quiet time was expected before the spring season set in. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela,* and a record month has been the result; not only has there been no sensible diminution in the number of new publications, but the output has equalled that of any month during the past year.

The universal interest evinced in the illness of Mr. Kipling has materially increased the demand for his works.

Fiction is still very much to the front, and although some little doubt existed as to the ultimate result of the institution of the six shilling novel the venture has fully justified itself, and has indeed proved a decided success. *Aylwin, Concerning Isabel Carnaby, Helot and Hero, Young Lives* and *Via Lucis* are enjoying a wide popularity.

A distinctive feature at the present time is the demand for the works of the American author, Charles M. Sheldon, and the supply has quite taken the market by storm, being simply "prodigious." Some nine or ten publishers are issuing various editions of each book ranging in price from 1d. to 3s. 6d., and what with the number of publishers and the number of editions it is somewhat bewildering to the trade.

Lenten books have not sold so freely this year, and although great efforts have been put forth from time to time to create a distinct "season" in this class of literature, they have not been successful, and we have this year to chronicle a decided falling off in the sales.

Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum* is still much sought after in the six shilling form, and the whole edition of 150,000 in the sixpence reissue was disposed of before publication.

With Easter the holiday season commences, and the guides are now moving briskly, notably *Murray's* and *Baedeker's.*

Among the magazines, *Harmsworth's, Windsor, Pearson's, The Royal, Wide World, Harper,* and *Pall Mall* lead the way, attended closely by quite a host of competitors. Two new arrivals are attracting attention. The *Art Portfolio,* which consists of reproductions in photogravure from our National Galleries, and another dear to the youthful mind, issued by George Newnes under the title of *The Captain.*

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The leading books of the month were as follows:

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)

Daughters of Babylon. By W. Barrett and R. Hichens. 6s. (Macqueen.)

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Sheldon's Works from 1d. to 3s. 6d.: In His Steps, "What Would Jesus Do?"; Robert Bruce; Malcolm Kirk; Crucifixion of Philip Strong; Twentieth Door.

Browning (Robert and Elizabeth Barrett) Letters. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

Countess Tekla. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

Two Standards. By Dr. W. Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)

Pharos the Egyptian. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and War. 2s. (Grant Richards.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1899, and April 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Young Mistley. Merriman. (A. Mackel & Co.) $1.25.
3. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Dennis Duval. Thackeray and Ritchie. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
4. Little Minister. Barrie. (Russell.) $2.00.
5. Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. Collingwood. (Century Co.) $2.50.
6. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Little Minister. Barrie. (Russell.) $2.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton & Mifflin.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. My Run Home. Boldrewood. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Browning Letters. 2 vols. (Harper.) $5.00.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Sinking of the Merrimac. Hobson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. A West Point Wooing. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. Zollinger. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.
6. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A West Point Wooing. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Forest Lovers. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 95 cents.
3. With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner's Sons.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. If I were a Man. Robertson. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
5. Tattle Tales of Cupid. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Adventures of François. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt & Co.) $1.25.
6. Forest Lovers. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Bonhomme. Walsh. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Morang.) $1.25.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. A Fleet in Being. Kipling. (Macmillan.) 60 cents.
6. Young Mistley. Merriman. (MacLeod.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Daughter of Israel. Porter. (Dutton & Co.) 75 cents.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
5. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Open Question. Robbins. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Wire Cutters. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Dream Days. Graham. (John Lane.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Wire Cutters. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribners.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Forest Lovers. Hewlitt. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Hawaii Nei. Craft. (Doxey.) $1.50.
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Barrack Room Ballads; Recessional, etc. Kipling. (Doxey.) 75 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Penelope's Progress. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Wm. Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Toronto News Co.) 50c. and $1.00.
3. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Morang.) 50c. and $1.00.
4. Sister to Evangeline. Roberts. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.
5. Young Mistley. Merriman. (McLeod.) 50c. and $1.25.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.

TUCSON, ARI.

1. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WACO, TEX.

1. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $6.00.
5. Hungarian Nabob. Jokai. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

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THE HOME OF THOMAS HARDY—"MAX GATE," DORCHESTER.

From a photograph by Clive Holland.

(*See "Thomas Hardy's Country," page* 328.

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